Cambria Freeman.

A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME VII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 1873. NUMBER 30.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Levari Facias, Vend. Exponas, Fi. Fa.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on **Monday, the 1st day of September next,** at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following Real Estate, viz:

All the right, title and interest of Mrs. Jane Lahey, (formerly Jane Lahey,) of, in and to the following described real estate situate in Washington township, Cambria county, adjoining lot of Mrs. Murphy on the west, Mrs. Murphy on the east, having thereon erected a two-story frame house and a frame stable, now occupied by Mrs. Jane Mullen. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Wood, Foster & Beale.

Also, all the right, title and interest of John Lahey, of, in and to the following real estate, to wit: Two certain tracts of land situate in the borough of Conemaugh, in the County of Cambria and State of Pennsylvania,—one thereof being the Viaduct, on the Portage Railroad, on the Conemaugh river and the other lately owned by Geo. Warner, containing 280 acres and 21 perches, more or less, by virtue of a warrant in the name of the said George Warner, the other situate in and adjoining the said tract and the said farm of George Warner on the south, containing 334 acres and allowances thereof, and containing 334 acres, more or less, after deducting the part of the same heretofore sold at the suit of the Cambria Iron Company, together with the hereditaments and appurtenances. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of the Cambria Mechanical Works.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Mary Ripple, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Jackson township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Sarah Leibengood and others, containing about 40 acres, more or less, about 40 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-story frame house and log barn, now in the occupancy of Sam'l Ripple, by virtue of an execution and to be sold at the suit of Peter Ripple, administrator of Peter Ripple, deceased.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Evan Lute, of, in and to the one undivided three-fourth part of a certain piece or parcel of land situate in Washington township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Peter Myers and V. Quartz, and containing 9 acres and 147 perches, more or less. Also, the one undivided half part of a tract of land situate in Cambria county, adjoining lands of Rogers, A. Barker, and containing 125 acres, more or less. Also, all the undivided half part of a certain piece or parcel of land situate in Cambria township, adjoining lands of David Davis, belonging to the estate of Lute, and others, containing 5 acres and 100 perches, more or less, unimproved. Also, one undivided third part of a lot of ground situate in the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, fronting on Horner street, extending along said street, 66 feet, more or less, and extending along Julian street, bounded on the east by lot No. 14 in the plan of Ebensburg, and on the west by a lot of ground situate in Ebensburg, Cambria county, fronting on Julian street on the east and extending back to the alley on the south, having thereon erected a two-story frame house and frame stable, now in the occupancy of Rob't R. Thomas. Also, all the right, title and interest of Peter Yahner, Jr., of, in and to a piece or parcel of ground situate in Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of John Nagle, Jr., Philip Cooper, and others, containing 70 acres, more or less, about 50 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-story frame house and a frame barn, now in the occupancy of Peter McGough. Also, a piece or parcel of land situate in Cambria township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of John Noeson, Andrew Burgoon, and others, containing 30 acres, more or less, about 20 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half-story frame dwelling house, now occupied by Peter McGough. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Mich'l Fenton for use, &c.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Mary Ann Riddle, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Jackson township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Sam'l Ripple, Wm. Kelly, and Henry Rager, containing 72 acres or less, about 72 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-story frame barn, now in the occupancy of Henry Rodgers. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of George Wehn, sr.

Also, all the right, title and interest of John Ryan, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Sarah Leibengood and others, containing about 40 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-story frame house and a frame barn, now in the occupancy of Henry Allenbaugh and Joseph Singer, having thereon erected a two-story frame house, now in the occupancy of Julius Blumenthal. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Jas. Fenlon.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Jas. Fenlon, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Cambria township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Mich'l Sherly, Christian Kelly, and others, containing 173 acres, more or less, about 100 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half-story log house and a one-and-a-half-story log barn, now in the occupancy of James Rose. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Michael Sherly.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Adam Ickes, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Susquehanna township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Washington Lloyd, and others, containing 5 acres, more or less, about 3 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a plank house, now in the occupancy of Peter Bowers, and a one-and-a-half-story log house and a shoemaker shop, now in the occupancy of Adam Bowers. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Peter Bowers, Jr., and Jacob Gratz, now for use of Peter Bowers, Jr., and John P. Blair, administrator of Peter Bowers, deceased.

Also, all the right, title and interest of John Fenlon, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Cambria township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of David Davis, Hook, Francis Luther, and others, containing 150 acres, more or less, about 75 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half-story plank house and a log barn, now in the occupancy of John Fenlon. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of M. A. Shoemaker.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 5, 1873.

SHERIFF'S SALES!—By virtue of sundry writs of *Fi. Fa.* and *Al. Fi. Fa.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on **TUESDAY, the 26TH DAY OF AUGUST,** at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following Real Estate, viz:

All the right, title and interest of Joseph Ryan, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Cambria township, Cambria county, containing one acre, more or less, having thereon erected a two-story frame house, now in the occupancy of Rob't R. Thomas. Also, all the right, title and interest of Peter Yahner, Jr., of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Cambria township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of John Nagle, Jr., Philip Cooper, and others, containing 70 acres, more or less, about 50 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-story frame house and a frame barn, now in the occupancy of Peter McGough. Also, a piece or parcel of land situate in Cambria township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of John Noeson, Andrew Burgoon, and others, containing 30 acres, more or less, about 20 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half-story frame dwelling house, now occupied by Peter McGough. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Mich'l Fenton for use, &c.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Mary Ann Riddle, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Jackson township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Sam'l Ripple, Wm. Kelly, and Henry Rager, containing 72 acres or less, about 72 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-story frame barn, now in the occupancy of Henry Rodgers. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of George Wehn, sr.

Also, all the right, title and interest of John Ryan, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Sarah Leibengood and others, containing about 40 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-story frame house and a frame barn, now in the occupancy of Henry Allenbaugh and Joseph Singer, having thereon erected a two-story frame house, now in the occupancy of Julius Blumenthal. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Jas. Fenlon.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Jas. Fenlon, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Cambria township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Mich'l Sherly, Christian Kelly, and others, containing 173 acres, more or less, about 100 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half-story log house and a one-and-a-half-story log barn, now in the occupancy of James Rose. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Michael Sherly.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Adam Ickes, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Susquehanna township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Washington Lloyd, and others, containing 5 acres, more or less, about 3 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a plank house, now in the occupancy of Peter Bowers, and a one-and-a-half-story log house and a shoemaker shop, now in the occupancy of Adam Bowers. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Peter Bowers, Jr., and Jacob Gratz, now for use of Peter Bowers, Jr., and John P. Blair, administrator of Peter Bowers, deceased.

Also, all the right, title and interest of John Fenlon, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Cambria township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of David Davis, Hook, Francis Luther, and others, containing 150 acres, more or less, about 75 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half-story plank house and a log barn, now in the occupancy of John Fenlon. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of M. A. Shoemaker.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 5, 1873.

SHERIFF'S SALES!—By virtue of sundry writs of *Fi. Fa.* and *Al. Fi. Fa.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on **TUESDAY, the 26TH DAY OF AUGUST,** at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following Real Estate, viz:

All the right, title and interest of Joseph Ryan, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Cambria township, Cambria county, containing one acre, more or less, having thereon erected a two-story house, not now occupied by any person, and situate in Cambria township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of John Otts, sr., Fred'k Haug, and others, containing 15 acres, more or less, about 10 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half-story plank dwelling house, now occupied by Michael Fenton, and to be sold at the suit of Mich'l Fenton for use, &c.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Paul Schaffer, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Cambria township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of John Hughes, Thomas Jones, and others, containing 50 acres, more or less, about 30 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-story frame house and plank stable, now in the occupancy of Lewis L. Edwards. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Lewis L. Edwards.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Jane Sweeny, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of P. M. George, Marg't Sharp, and others, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half-story frame house and frame stable, now in the occupancy of Jane Sweeny. Also, a lot ground situate in Washington township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of J. M'Gough, M. Emerick and others.

Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Samuel H. Baird, for use of E. S. Ward, assignee.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, July 30, 1873.

ESTATE NOTICE.—Having been granted Letters of Administration on the Estate of CATHARINE McLAUGHLIN, late of the Borough of Johnstown, County of Cambria, I give notice to all parties indebted to the said Estate that they must make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

MICHAEL BRADLEY, Administrator.
Johnstown Twp., July 18, 1873.-6t.

REGISTER'S NOTICE!—Notice is hereby given that the following Accounts have been passed and filed in the Register's Office at Ebensburg, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, for confirmation and allowance, on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3d, 1873:

The first and final account of Cyrus L. Pershing, executor of Francis Schwert, late of the borough of Johnstown, dec'd.

The first account of Lucinda H. Roberts, administratrix of Evan Roberts, late of the borough of Johnstown, dec'd.

The first account of Solomon Benshoof, executor of Peter Allbaugh, late of Jackson township, dec'd.

The second account of Geo. J. Rodgers and William Kittell, executors of Jane Wherry, late of Ebensburg borough, dec'd.

The account of John Shaffer, guardian of Harriet, Caroline and Alexander Riblett, minor children of David Riblett, late of Conemaugh township, dec'd.

The first and final account of Francis O'Friel, administrator of Margaret McGough, late of Allegheny township, dec'd.

The first account of John Wilkinson, guardian of George Wilkinson, a minor child of George Wilkinson, late of Jackson township, dec'd.

The first account of John Wilkinson, guardian of John Wilkinson, a minor child of George Wilkinson, late of Jackson township, dec'd.

The second and final account of Margaret Mitchell, administratrix of Jas. H. Mitchell, late of Johnstown borough, dec'd.

The first and final account of Edw'd Roberts, executor of Evan R. Morgan, late of Cambria township, dec'd.

The first account of Peter Garman and Isaac Lute, executors of Joseph Lute, late of Susquehanna township, dec'd.

The first account of Harriet Orr and W. C. Lewis, administrators of William Orr, late of Johnstown borough, dec'd.

The first and final account of John J. Krise, one of the administrators of Henry Krise, late of Clearfield township, dec'd.

The third and partial account of James Yost and Augustine Yost, administrators of Jacob Yost, late of Carroll township, dec'd.

The first account of Wm. H. Seehler, executor of Richard Thomas, late of Ebensburg borough, dec'd.

JAMES M. SINGER, Register.
Register's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 2, 1873.

WIDOWS' APPRAISEMENTS. Notice is hereby given that the following Appraisements of Personal Property of decedents selected and set apart for the Widows of intestates, under the Act of Assembly of the 14th day of April, A. D. 1851, have been filed in the Register's Office, at Ebensburg, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court, for approval, on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3d, A. D. 1873, to wit:

1. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Margaret Craver, widow of Ludwig Craver, late of Carrolltown borough, dec'd.

2. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Barbara Rose, widow of John Rose, late of Jackson township, dec'd.

3. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Mary C. Dumm, widow of Peter J. Dumm, late of Barr township, dec'd.

4. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Eliza J. Mills, widow of James Mills, late of Cambria township, dec'd.

5. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Sarah J. Glass, widow of John J. Glass, late of Allegheny township, deceased.

6. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Catharine McCarty, widow of Michael McCarty, late of Clearfield township, dec'd.

7. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Mary A. Chardon, widow of John Chardon, late of Clearfield township, dec'd.

8. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Eliza Noonan, widow of Jeremiah Noonan, late of Munster township, dec'd.

9. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Orpha J. Evans, widow of E. D. Evans, late of Wilmore borough, dec'd.

JAMES M. SINGER, Register.
Register's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 2, 1873.

TRIAL LIST.—Causes set down for trial at a Court of Common Pleas, to be held at Ebensburg, for Cambria county, commencing on Monday, Sept. 1st, 1873:

FIRST WEEK.

Malzie	vs.	Pringle.
Wagner	vs.	Miller.
Craver	vs.	Hips & Lloyd.
Lutringer	vs.	Callan.
Pringle	vs.	Malzie.

SECOND WEEK.

John Forsyth's use	vs.	Cambria Iron Co.
George Cupp	vs.	Perry Bolsinger.
Finney & Barrons	vs.	Stephenson et al.
Summerville	vs.	Redmond, Mellon, and others.
Stephenson & others	vs.	Finney & Barrons.
Hips & Lloyd	vs.	Swartz.
Pedan	vs.	Keller, with notice.
Suppes	vs.	Hawes.
Casey, Fogarty & Co.	vs.	P. & R. McGough.
Douglass	vs.	Neason.
Executrix of Richey	vs.	Jamison.
Smith	vs.	Bonacker.
Suppes	vs.	Hawes.
O'Donnell	vs.	Arble.
Strauss	vs.	Tiley.
Brackan	vs.	Brackan.
Summerville	vs.	Mellons and others

J. K. HITE, Prothonotary.
Proth'y's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 4, 1873.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE—Letters of Administration on the Estate of ANDREW WEIBEL, late of Cambria township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

THERESA A. WEIBLE, Adm'x.
THOMAS HOOVER, Adm'r.
Cambria Twp., Aug. 8, 1873.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.
Estate of PETER WEAKLAND, dec'd.

Letters Testamentary on the estate of PETER WEAKLAND, late of Carroll township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay and those having claims against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.

CHARLES WEAKLAND, } Executors.
HENRY SCANLAN, }
Carrolltown, July 18, 1873.-6t.

FARM FOR SALE!

THE subscriber offers at private sale on liberal terms and at a LOW PRICE, 52 Acres of Land in Munster township, about half way between Munster and Wilmore, some 40 Acres of which are cleared, well fenced and in good condition, with a Log House, a first rate Log Barn, perfectly new, and other Outbuildings thereon erected; also, an excellent Orchard of choice fruit and an abundance of pure water on the premises. JAMES FURY,
July 25, 1873.-6t.* Portage P. O.

BARK WANTED.—FOUR THOUSAND CORDS OAK AND HEMLOCK BARK wanted at the new Tannery, Woodvale, Johnstown. Cash paid on delivery. Apply to or address W. H. ROSENSTEEL & SON,
June 6, 1873.-3m.* Johnstown P. O.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long, shady lane
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields
That are red with the ripening grain.
They find in the thick, waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the delicate snow-drops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow,
They gather the elder bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells,—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings,
And at night-time are folded in a slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of State.
The pen of the author and statesman,—
The noble and wise of the land,—
The loving and motherly woman,
Who'll wisely mold all with her hand.

Cling to Those Who Cling to You.

There are many friends of summer
Who are kind while flowers bloom,
But when winter chills the blossoms
They depart with the perfume.
On the broad highway of action
Friends of worth are far and few;
So when one has proved his friendship,
Cling to him who clings to you.

Do not harshly judge your neighbor—
Do not deem his life untrue
If he makes no great pretensions—
Deeds are great though words are few.
Those who stand amidst the tempest,
Firm as when the skies are blue,
Will be friends while life endureth—
Cling to those who cling to you.

When you see a worthy brother
Buffeting the stormy main,
Lend a helping hand fraternal,
Till he reach the shore again.
Don't desert the old and tried friend,
When misfortune comes to view,
For he needs true friendship's comforts—
Cling to those who cling to you.

ABOUT NEWSPAPER REPORTERS.

From a long article in *Ballou's Monthly* for September, written by "M. Quad," of the Detroit *Free Press*, we extract the following:

"Years ago, when we had no telegraph or railroad, news was news any time within a week or a month after its foundation occurred. Everything is exactly opposite now, and everybody cries out for the latest news. The people must have it, and as they can only get it from the daily journals, the daily journals must furnish it or go down. 'Energy,' is the watchword of every good reporter. He must travel his own round, take that of a brother reporter on the same paper, if necessary, and yet hold himself ready for a dash into the suburbs if a 'big thing' occurs. Take two reporters just alike in everything else, and the more energetic one will secure the most news. He will take less sleep, spend less time on the corners, and will have more time left after midnight to look for 'the very latest.' I said that every reporter must be somewhat of a lawyer. So he should, and for more reasons than one. He will secure many an item which must be delicately handled or left out altogether, because it would hurt national pride, some sect's religious views, or conflict with the 'policy' of the paper. Nine times out of ten he must use his own judgment in such cases, and he will need a lawyer's reasoning powers. Then again he is often made the victim of 'sells.' It is easy enough for some jealous-minded reporter on a contemporary journal to 'put up a job on him,' and reason, experience and guess-work are called out in defence. It is not sufficient to 'take their word for it;' one must know from actual observation, or get his information from sources which experience has proven trustworthy. 'I wonder how they pick up so many things,' is an expression often used by the readers of a daily paper. There are times when the 'so much' is 'so little' with the reporter, even if the constant reader does not detect the falling off, there are times in his experience when murders, burglaries, elopements, fires and railroad accidents will all come with a rush, and then there will be a dead calm for days or weeks. In such emergencies the energetic son of the pencil will devote his time to 'city improvements,' made or contemplated, or startle his readers with an account of some new invention, or something new in the method of propelling steamboats or horse-cars. As to how they get their news depends upon the man. In cities the police are great collectors of news. Accidents and incidents fall in their way very naturally, and little goes on but what they catch in some form or other. The station house and police courts are included in the round which the 'general news' reporter makes, or are divided up among two. If a reporter 'works in' with the police he has a fund of information almost inexhaustible. The officers will take pains to jot down names, dates, etc., and will even identify themselves so closely with the paper that they will aid the reporter in keeping sensation items from the knowledge of his rivals. Then, one should make the acquaintance of the firemen, city and county officials, hotel keepers, railroad and steamboat men, and can, if 'born for the business,' secure the aid of a hundred men to help him in gathering news.

"There is no labor more laborious than the task of the reporter on a morning paper. He may be said to never sleep. Starting out an hour before noon, he may finish up at midnight, but is lucky to get off before three o'clock; and the chances are that he is routed out after a nap of three or four hours. If called upon to make a trip into the interior, to report a convention or a calamity, he may be thirty or forty hours without sleep. There is a constant wear and tear of the nerves and muscles, and, after a time, a nervous feeling accompanies the man day and night. There is no time to doctor or to be sick, but it is one push-and-rush year in and year out, until everything gives way at once, and the man drops into the grave. The rivalry which nearly always exists between reporters on contemporary sheets is a wear and tear which of itself will take off a pound of flesh per month. The reporter who is derelict in securing all the facts in connection with a 'big thing,' secured and published in an opposite journal, would feel a self-disgrace which he could not shake off for a week. This rivalry leads often to the expenditure of large sums of money by all dailies of a city to secure certain information. I have in mind a case of steamboat explosion about twenty miles from one of our lake ports. The rumor created the greatest excitement in the city, but no particulars could be learned, as the point where the explosion occurred was not connected by telegraph. There was only one tug in the harbor which could be secured, and three rival reporters boarded her at once.

"'Fifty dollars to take me to Duck Point and back!' shouted one at the captain.

"'A hundred!' cried the second.'

"'A hundred and fifty!' yelled the third, in a triumphant voice.

"They continued their bids until the first bidder finally named five hundred dollars, and the services of the tug were his. He steamed down to the scene of accident, procured a full list of the killed, injured and unhurt, and the proprietors of his paper very cheerfully handed over the large sum. I do not defend the profession from the charge of being tipplers, but I say that men of the craft who do drink, and otherwise render themselves incapacitated from the full performance of their duties, are seldom retained long in one position. Not many years ago, in a Western city, several reporters, all representing opposition journals, traveled together to a point in the State to witness an execution. The victim had committed a heinous offence, and the particulars of his execution would be eagerly devoured by every reader. One of the men represented an afternoon paper, and as the execution was fixed for noon, he had been ordered to telegraph in a full report, so that his paper would have a long start of all others. It was of course an object with the other reporters to prevent this, and they laid their heads together. The afternoon man did not drink, the telegraph operator was strictly temperate, and the quill-drivers were on the verge of despair when one of them got a happy thought. He went to the police magistrate, swore out a warrant against the operator for bigamy, and had the pleasure of seeing the man walked off to jail and his office closed. The excitement over the execution was so great that the operator could find no friend to go his bail until it was too late for the afternoon paper to receive a line, and the object of the conspirators was accomplished.

"Perhaps one of the most audacious displays of 'cheek' ever made by a reporter to 'get even' with a rival can be narrated here. A railroad accident occurred about six o'clock in the evening, some thirty miles from a city which sustained two morning papers. A reporter from each paper reached the city depot at the same moment, and both rushed for a locomotive which was ready to start out with a freight train. The president of the road was half proprietor of one of the dailies, and, having an eye to the interests of his employer, the engineer refused to take up the opposition reporter. The man saw that he was 'tloored,' and, after ascertaining that he could secure a hand-car and four stout men to propel it, he went to the telegraph office, and sent a message to the city marshal of a town on the line, fifteen miles away, saying:

"Young man on engine No. 8, coming down the road. Blue eyes, light hair, small moustache. Arrest him for murder, and hold him until I send man in the morning. He will probably give you the name of —— (mentioning that of the reporter). Look out he don't shoot you!'

"The locomotive stopped for water, and the reporter was not only arrested, but handcuffed and shackled, and the engineer went along with him to jail on a charge of aiding a murderer to escape from justice. The hand-car was placed on the track, and in three hours the 'cheeky' reporter was telegraphing 'full particulars.' He was arrested next day on some charge or other, but the joke got abroad, and the prosecution was suddenly dropped.

"Knowing the thirst of the public after 'latest news,' and that the paper will suffer in character through negligence on their part, reporters often risk their lives while seeking after information. A year ago a vessel in attempting to enter a lake port struck on a bar, and was at the mercy of the waves. The storm was raging with great fury, and the crowd congregated on the piers had little hope that the ship would hold together above a few hours. She was a new vessel, unknown in port, and her position was such that her name could not be seen. There were no life-boats at the port, and no crew could be made up to take an ordinary row-boat and row out to the rescue of the unfortunates. While all were talking and none doing, a reporter on an afternoon paper was seen pulling a light skiff out of the river an over the tremendous waves. 'He is lost!' 'Come back! Come back!' shouted the crowd, but the man bent to his oars, and, despite all predictions, reached the neighborhood of the vessel without mishap. Holding the boat's head to the sea, he shouted:

"'What schooner is that?'

"'The Princess,' replied the amazed captain, who had taken to the rigging, along with the crew.

"'Where from? what's your cargo? and how large is your crew?' were the next inquiries from the reporter; and, after being replied to, he continued:

"'Hold by for an hour, and I'll take you all off!'

"He then set about the return voyage, and successfully performed it, entering the river-amidst cheers which even reached the ears of the half-drowned sailors on the bar. Despatching his information to the office, he was about to row back to the vessel, when she suddenly broke up, and the crew floated ashore on a spar.

"The desire to secure the news exclusively for the *Journal, Whig*, or whatever paper he may represent, often leads the reporter into indulging in strange freaks. A wealthy and widely known gentleman, living in a city on Lake Michigan, committed suicide one day by throwing himself into the lake. His action was not noticed, and there was great excitement throughout the city when it was known that he was strangely missing. Day after day went by, telegrams were sent here and there, and no one suspected that the body was in the lake. A reporter, out for a sail, came across the body, after a week or so, and he at once recognized the sensation which would be created at his news. This was Friday afternoon. All three dailies would publish on Saturday morning, but his daily alone would have a Sunday edition. He therefore determined to save his news until too late for the other papers to make use of it. Sailing to an old dock, he fastened the body to a spile, and it remained there until Saturday evening, when he had a boy 'discover' it, called a coroner, and had the satisfaction of knowing that the *Sunday Bugle* sold five thousand extra copies on account of his article.

"One of the saddest thoughts in connection with the terrible accident on the Grand Trunk Railroad, which occurred a few months since, arises from the death of a well known Western reporter—a man who had served twenty-one years on one journal without the loss of one day's pay. He was caught in the wreck of a car and fatally injured, though no one knew that such was the case until death had closed his eyes. Stretched out in a freight depot with two score of dead and dying, he stated that he was not badly injured, and requested the surgeons to attend to the others first. Taking out his diary and pencil, he jotted down an account of the accident, procured a full list of the dead and injured, and his report to his paper in the distant Western city was the first which passed over the wires. After sending his first account, he proceeded to gather more minute details, and had just finished his work when death overtook him. When the surgeon came back and kneeled beside him he found a white, cold face, closed eyes, and a cold hand holding fast to book and pencil. The last sentence which the man had written was, 'others will die before morning!' His second report was sent over the wires, followed by these words from the operator, 'Your reporter is dead!' The line was read to thirty compositors in the office of the reporter's paper, and every man shed tears.

"Reporters, after two or three years of service, have little or no excitement left in their natures. They run to fires, go up in balloons, down into tunnels, and attend murder trials because duty calls them there, and not because of the excitement. They may not become so hardened that they cannot feel a sympathy for the wailing widow of an 'accidentally killed' or a 'found drowned,' but the same thing over and over makes monotony in anything. Their business is to secure news, away to the office with it, and there is really no time to grieve with the public over its woes and sorrows. While a good item can be written from second-hand matter, a better one can be written from personal experience. It is not every one who would care to don the dress of a submarine diver and take a walk on the lake bottom, with fifty feet of water between him and the surface; but several reporters have made the experiment, and have written thrilling descriptions of what they saw and how they felt down there in the silence and gloom. The following incident has never appeared in print, but is strictly true, and is used here to show that reporters become permeated with the idea that an item is an item wherever you find it, no matter what the circumstances. The reporter of a well known Southern daily was one of a large number of passengers on a river steamer. Without an instant's warning the boilers exploded, blowing everybody 'sky-high,' and killing or wounding half the passengers. The reporter and five others were lucky enough to alight in the water near a fragment of the wreck large enough to float them, and they had no sooner crawled upon it than the newspaper man drew out his book and pencil and demanded names and residences, jotting them down with the exclamation that the blow-up was worth a clean hundred dollars to him to furnish two columns on 'What I know about Steamboat Explosions.' The wreck floated within a hundred feet of the shore, and he swam to the bank, and started for a telegraph station three miles away, leaving his late companions to float on until picked up two miles below.

"There is in Kansas, or was up to three years ago, a society of newspaper men called 'The Rob Ellis' Friends.' The society was founded to perpetuate the name and doings of a reporter named Ellis, who made his name famous on the Pacific coast by his startling adventures, and whose career finally closed with a balloon ascension. It seems that a gentleman who had made one or two ascensions had advertised to go up from a fair ground on a certain day, and that a large crowd assembled to witness the expedition. Ellis was sent to make a report of the affair, and he took it into his head to have a ride with the professor and write up his experience. His company was accepted, and as the hour approached he took his seat in the car. The balloon was inflated, but just as it was ready to rise the professor had some excuse to leap out. Eased of his weight so suddenly, the balloon jerked away from the men, and Ellis went skyward alone. The man knew all about newspaper business, but he was ignorant as to aerial navigation. He however took things as cool as if nothing unusual had happened. There was no wind below, and while the balloon hung over the grounds, half a mile above the heads of the excited crowd, the following message came floating down: 'I am all right, and intend to see the thing through. Tell the —— (his paper) to look out for a telegram from me to-night.' It was about five o'clock in the afternoon of a June day, and the balloon and its freight finally floated away to the northwest, and at last were lost to view. No one in that crowd ever saw poor Ellis again. In fact, it was months and months before he was heard of. Days passed, and letters were written and telegrams sent, but there was no news of the balloon for a week. Then a hunter found this message on the prairie, 'Am still all right, and am having heaps of fun. I have found the valve cord, and can descend whenever I wish; but I am going to see the thing down to a fine point.' He did. Months and months afterwards a hunter passing through a forest a few miles from the Santee Agency, on the line between Kansas and Dakota, found the wreck of the balloon hanging to a tree, and, half covered with leaves, the skeleton of Robert Ellis.

"While speaking of the West the fate of a Colorado reporter, named Whitman, may be called up, as it has never been published. He was employed on a weekly paper called the *Spectator*. With the shootings, slashings, murders and accidents which happened almost daily, Whitman had plenty of local items. But he grew weary of the monotony at last. It was the same thing over every week: 'Comanche Bill put a ball through Buckskin Joe' for such or such a reason, or Joe slashed Bill, or some other ruffian knifed a companion or a stranger. Coming into the office one morning, Whitman wrote the following headings: 'An Hour with the Grizzly—What our Reporter thinks of the Varmint—A Thrilling Experience.'

"'What do you mean?' asked the editor as he perused the lines.

"'Just what this says,' replied Whitman. 'I'm off over the range to look for a grizzly.'

"He took his rifle and departed, and in less than two hours his body had furnished a dinner for a big bear. A hunter witnessed his fate, without being able to save him. The reporter had not been absent an hour when a rough walked into the office and shot the editor dead, and a mob threw the hand-press and cases over a cliff, thus wiping out the entire institution.

"Every man who has ever had any connection with a newspaper establishment will agree that the reporters are frequently called upon by the individuals who want 'blood or a retraction.' Political articles seldom wound, but the columns devoted to home news will often contain things which stir up wrath, and lead to broken heads and libel suits. When alluding to the rougher portion of his home population the reporter may intend to make his words scorch and sting, but he is as often called to account for thrusts which he did not intend to make. As a general rule every paper is fair-minded, and will give both sides of a question. It sometimes happens, however, that the offended party had rather trust to his muscles than the types for satisfaction. In such cases he is almost sure to come off second best, as the tables are bestrewn with old cuts, and a seasoned hickory is often standing in a convenient corner. A few years ago the police of a city made a raid on the gamblers, and arrested a score or more. The reporter of one of the papers wrote an article which was anything but consolation to the sporting gentry, and several of the more vindictive laid a plan to trap and punish him. It was his custom to go to a certain restaurant every night at midnight for a lunch, and six of the gamblers went to the place, all armed with horsewips, and made preparations to give the son of the pencil a lesson which should long be remembered. They caught a Tartar, however. When they commenced whipping he commenced shooting, and two of the men were killed and another badly wounded before he got through.

"Every reporter gets in time to be a detective. It is his business to go everywhere, see everybody, and thus he is brought into contact with all classes. Few detectives know more of human nature, and few have better opportunities for 'spotting' rogues. In return for his police information, the journalist is expected to render the police what service he can, and through his assistance many rascals have been brought to justice. In a Northern city, some five or six months ago, the reporter of a morning paper was given a description of a notorious rascal named Burns, who had escaped from State prison, where he was serving a sentence for murder. The police hunted the whole county over without success, but the reporter happened on the man one day in an empty warehouse, where he had been hiding. A desperate struggle took place. Neither was armed, but both were powerful men, and the convict went into the battle with a determination to kill the journalist. The journalist was the better man in a square fight, and the convict finally rushed in and clinched him. Swaying, striking, biting and kicking, the pair burst open a door and fell into the water. Here the convict would have drowned but for the help of his assailant, who held him up until both were rescued, and then saw him safely secured behind the bars. Another reporter, who had a bad physiognomy but a good moral character, and who was an adept at understanding and speaking the 'flash' language, was approached by a burglar once, and 'tipping the nod' in return, he was presently on good terms with the rascal. A plan was at length formed to enter a house, and the two parted with the agreement to meet at a certain hour. The house in question was filled with police, and at midnight, when the two burglars entered, the one was knocked down and handcuffed, and he went to State prison for ten years.

"Are women fitted for newspaper work?' is an inquiry often made, and probably never answered twice alike. There are female compositors in many weekly and in some daily offices, and in some instances they give satisfaction. There are several daily journals employing women on the editorial staff, but the departments of the paper controlled by the ladies have never been noted for wit, gossip or superior excellence. The fact that none of them are paid above a very moderate sum per week or month seems proof that their services are not in great demand. No one can dispute that female book authors succeed well, but if there is a lady attached to a daily journal who gives the paper any additional reputation, such fact has not come to the notice of other journals. As to female reporters, there have been a score perhaps during the past five years—I speak only of those reported—but it is doubtful if one now pursues the profession. Women cannot push their way into crowds, rush to fires, climb stairs, and trot up and down. Reporters must do this, and much more. They must take the weather as it comes, exercise vigilance, patience, prudence and muscle, and it is a fact settled by Dame Nature, long before newspapers were known, that ladies have very little of either qualification to spare.

"In a Southern city, two or three years ago, an adventuresome young lady accepted a place as reporter on a morning paper, and for the first month succeeded very well, the staff taking all the hard work. She was at length sent to report a marriage ceremony, and to write up a description of the most prominent costumes. It was just the field she wanted, as she desired to 'get even' with certain 'aristocrats' who had turned up their noses at the mention of her calling. She wrote a long article, full of spice and revengeful hits, and it passed into the paper without being overhauled. Next morning, as the letters threatening libel suits came pouring in, the young lady was handed her 'balance,' and politely requested to give her place to a man."

EVE'S APPLE TREE.—The island of Ceylon abounds in vegetable curiosities, not the least singular of which is a tree called "Eve's apple tree." The color of

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - Aug. 22, 1873.

Democratic County Ticket.

ASSEMBLY:
HENRY SCANLAN, Carrolltown.

SHERIFF:
HERMAN BAUMER, Conemaugh Boro'.

TREASURER:
A. D. CRISTE, Munster Township.

COMMISSIONER:
EDWARD GLASS, Ebensburg.

POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR:
ANSELM WEAKLAND, Chest Twp.

CORONER:
R. H. SINGER, Johnstown.

AUDITOR:
H. B. FREIDHOFF, Conemaugh Borough.

JURY COMMISSIONER:
HENRY TOPPER, Adams Twp.

THE "Addition, Division and Silence" Convention, says the Clearfield *Republican*, forgot to mention the Credit Mobilier fraud, by which a ring of rascals robbed the Treasury of forty-four millions of dollars. The wickedest fraud of all passed in silence is indeed ominous of guilt.

HON. WILLIAM M. MEREDITH died in Philadelphia last Sunday, aged 77 years. At the time of his death he was President of the Constitutional Convention. He was a member of the Reform Convention which framed the Constitution of 1838, and in March, 1849, became Secretary of the Treasury under President Taylor, but resigned his office in 1850 when Vice President Fillmore succeeded to the Presidency. During the war he was Attorney General under the administration of Governor Curtin. As a lawyer he stood in the very foremost rank of the profession—as a citizen his character was pure and without blemish.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S recent interview with a correspondent of the *World*, at a late crisis in his politics now past, in which he gave free tongue to some remarkable expressions that would go to show him almost as much a disciple of the French philosopher Comte as a servant of the German Emperor William, is repudiated by the North German *Gazette*, which, like most Continental journals, say what it is told to say. Prince Bismark alone is competent to deny the fidelity of his reporter, which he has not done, and will not do, though any other man is quite as competent as the Prince to impeach his discretion. Meanwhile, says the *World*, we shall look under the bed for those Jesuits to whom the North German *Gazette* charitably attributes the reported interview.

THE only *two* members of Congress from this State, both of whom are Radicals, who have returned the back-pay steal into the Treasury, are John Scott, one of the Senators, and Washington Townsend, who represents the Chester district. The rest, without a single exception, have all made sure of their booty. It is a dark and disgraceful record, and one that is not pleasant to contemplate. Democrats and Radicals, all are passengers on the same piratical craft. When, therefore, the Democratic State Convention assembles at Wilkesbarre on Wednesday next, it will have to look elsewhere for a Chairman of the State Committee than to the roll of Democratic Congressmen, including Samuel J. Randall, from the extreme east, to William McClellland, from the extreme west. Let no salary-grabber dare apply, or if he does, let summary justice be administered.

THE Democratic convention of Columbia county recently met at Bloomsburg and re-nominated C. B. Brockway *for Assembly. Better things* were expected from the Democrats of old Columbia, the home of Charles R. Buckalew, who, not being in any way responsible for Brockway's legislative sins, we trust had no agency in his political resurrection. It is probable that Pete Herdie's money was at the bottom of this re-nomination, which was not fit to have been made. If the Democrats of Columbia and the Democrats of the *third* Philadelphia district will persist in keeping Brockway and his counterpart, Sam Josephs, in the Legislature, it is high time to cease all further Democratic denunciation of the radicals for sending men to Harrisburg who wear the same "Ring" uniform as these two recreant Democrats and are owned and controlled by the same master.

ABOUT three years ago, says the Pittsburgh *Post*, that ring of money-grubs called the syndicate, undertook to loan to the United States the sum of one hundred and thirty millions of dollars, for the purpose of paying off maturing loans. Instead of paying the money when they received the bonds of the government, the Secretary received their checks as money, and not only paid them their commission for the negotiation of the loan, but actually paid them three months interest before they had paid in one solitary dollar of the money. Now Mr. Richardson, Mr. Boutwell's successor, has improved upon Mr. B.'s violation of the law of Congress, and has allowed the syndicate five months interest on fifty millions which were not paid into the Treasury. This is part and parcel of that magnificent system of financiering of which we hear such high flown eulogies in the pensioned presses of Grant, and which calls forth such magniloquent praise in the resolutions of Radical conventions. To plain people it looks very much like an unauthorized robbery of the public treasure for the benefit of a few favorites of the administration.

The Last Disgrace.

We are not in the midst of a hot campaign, and as there is no reason for attacking private character or retailing political scandal or sea-side gossip, so there is no excuse for suppressing the truth when its publication is needed, and no pretext for attributing it to partisanship or prejudice. Distinguished public men, representatives and senators in congress, have had the effrontery to stand up in congress and before their constituents and undertake to defend as shameless a breach of public trust as ever was thrust in the face of a decent people, and instead of a hot outburst of indignant denunciation, there has been only a sort of sick-at-the-stomach turning away from the low-flung self-seeking gang—rascalities have been developed in all departments of the government that should keep our prisons more than full, were justice done—legislation has been bought and sold, and corporations have in the most deliberate and unblushing manner bought seats in the senate for their retained attorneys—the legislature has become a market place, and the polls an arena for violence or bribery—and we settle down to our lower standards of morality, our debasing tendencies and constantly deteriorating moral sense with complacent calmness as if to the natural and inevitable.

How far shall we let this numbness of perception, this utter deadness to all sense of shame, carry us? Granted that in the fierceness of our money getting passion we may put conscience out of court entirely, and sacrifice everything to the main chance.—Shall we stop at that? Or are we to have sitting at our hearths as household gods all shames and crimes? The last great scandal, touched lightly by the press but bruited everywhere now, is not of avarice and greed, but of intemperance and lust. Open, public, brazen, flaunted in the faces of decent wives and mothers, and of pure daughters and sisters; a shame, foul-fronted, sickening, beastly. The sensual sot, of brilliant intellect but vile associations and depraved habits, who so lately set himself and paramour on public exhibition in this city and at Long Branch—between him and the presidency of the United States are but two lives, and one of them of frailest tenure. Is the nation drunken that it sees this large disgrace paraded under its very eyes, and takes into its nostrils the stench of the offense, and makes no sign of nausea? Has dead and buried decency no resurrection? Who and where is the clear thinking statesman—no, not statesman, common man—every day man—hard-fisted, rough and ready, but honest way down, true to wife and family and his own manhood, who will roll away the stone from the sepulchre of public virtue? The time calls out for him. The country waits his coming. A nation bowed down with the shame brought on it by its trusted servants, with its face in the dust, prays in its anguish for some convulsion that shall rend the heavens and purify the air.

And the United States senate—what is *its* duty? Has it any self-respect left?

The foregoing seathing article is taken from a late number of the New York *Tribune*. Although no man's name is mentioned, its allusions are sufficiently pointed to indicate the object of its wrath. His name is MATTHEW H. CARPENTER, a Radical United States Senator from Wisconsin, who was elected President *pro tem* of the Senate just previous to the close of the last session. He is a married man, but, from newspaper accounts, seems to have contracted more than a Platonic love for another woman, and has been *sloshing* around with her at New York, Long Branch, and other public places. When Thaddeus Stevens, a most competent judge, was in Congress, and on more than one occasion found himself utterly powerless to secure the attendance of his political friends in the House when a test vote was to be taken, he said that a Congressman in these latter days was a man who had a wife at home and a woman in Washington—or a wife at Washington and a woman at home.

Although Matt Carpenter, as he is called, is not a "Christian statesman," like Harlan, Pomeroy, and Colfax, he yet sits in the front pew of the Radical synagogue. He is a man of brilliant parts, addicted somewhat to the Elijah Pogram style of oratory, and has rendered himself famous, or infamous, or perhaps both, by making public speeches in his own State in defence of the salary grab. In his case at least there would seem to be but one step from the infamy of the back pay steal to the still lower depth of open, unblushing conjugal infidelity. And yet this man Carpenter—one of the foremost representatives of the "God and morality" party—will go back to Washington at the next session, his silence against public morals will be condoned by a Radical Senate, and, if Vice President Wilson is unable to take his seat, will preside over the deliberations of that once august and dignified body. Such is the rapid and fearful decline of public virtue in this progressive and demoralized country. What will be its end? Rome was once a republic, but she fell through the vices and corruptions of her rulers and her public men. Can we, in view of the present state of affairs, hope to escape a like fate?

THE terms of the following United State Senators expire on the 4th of March, 1875: Eugene Casserly, Democrat, California; William A. Buckingham, Republican, Connecticut; Thomas F. Bayard, Democrat, Delaware; Abijah Gilbert, Republican, Florida; Daniel D. Pratt, Republican, Indiana; Hannibal Hamlin, Republican, Maine; Charles Samuels, Republican, Massachusetts; Wm. T. Hamilton, Democrat, Maryland; Zachariah Chandler, Republican, Michigan; Alexander Ramsey, Republican, Minnesota; Albert Ames, Republican, Mississippi; Carl Schurz, Republican, Missouri; Thomas W. Tipton, Republican, Nebraska; William M. Stuart, Republican, Nevada; John P. Stockton, Democrat, New Jersey; Reuben E. Fenton, Republican, New York; Allen G. Thurman, Democrat, Ohio; John Scott, Republican, Pennsylvania; William Sprague, Republican, Rhode Island; William G. Brownlow, Republican, Tennessee; Joseph W. Flanagan, Republican, Texas; Geo. F. Edmunds, Republican, Vermont; Arthur I. Boreman, Republican, West Virginia; Matthew H. Carpenter, Republican, Wisconsin.

AN intimation comes from Washington that the President has determined to appoint Associate Justice Swayne to the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court, made vacant by the death of Mr. Chase.

One of Mann's Resolutions.

The name of William B. Mann is synonimous with everything that is vile, fraudulent and corrupt in the politics of Philadelphia. He is the head and front of the infamous Ring that has for years held undisputed sway over the municipal affairs of that misgoverned and plundered city, and which, if not broken up real destroyed, will soon plunge her into hopeless bankruptcy. To him is Philadelphia indebted for the atrocious registry law, which disfranchises her honest citizens and enables him and his co-laborers in ballot-box stuffing, and other kindred frauds, to maintain their political ascendancy and crush out the fair expression of the popular will. Without this engine of fraud, both Mann and his corrupt gang would soon disappear from public view and their occupation would be gone. As often as an effort has been made in the Legislature to alter or modify this obnoxious law, he has appeared on the scene, marshalled his forces, issued his orders to the Ring, and, as a result, the law remains unchanged and the infamy is perpetuated. In his present office of District Attorney, he has been repeatedly charged with dereliction of duty, and only a few months ago, the mayor of Philadelphia publicly asserted that under his (Mann's) administration of office the law against gambling was a dead letter on the statute book.

At the late Radical State Convention he was appointed chairman to report a platform. In a convention which had been packed by Simon Cameron and Robert W. Mackey, it was eminently proper that the notorious William B. Mann should be put forward to denounce "corruption." champion "honest economy and political purity in all official administrations," and with sublime impudence insist "that none but good men secure party appointments or nominations." How well he did his work will be seen from the following, which is the tenth in the series of resolutions:

That we heartily denounce corruption wherever found, and are sincerely desirous for honest economy and political purity in all official administrations. To secure this is the duty of every citizen, and to this end every good man should feel bound, not only to participate in politics, but to labor actively to see that none but good men secure party appointments or nominations.

This was enough to make even the immaculate Robert W. Mackey blush, and if Simon Cameron had been there, as he was not, but was away down in Maine with Grant, Babcock, *et id omne genus*, even *he* would have been penetrated with a deep and profound sense of his own "political purity," and the members of the convention, filled with burning ardor for their chief would, have been astonished at their own moderation, and would have fallen down and worshipped at the footstool of this radical Gamalid. In view of the past history of radicalism, and looking straight in the face of the present, the people are asked to confide in these hollow lip professions of honesty and economy. If they do they will once more find that "they have been made to the ear, only to be broken to the hope."

RISING TO EXPLAIN.—Two more Congressmen have been attempting a defense of the back pay swindle, and, as a matter of course, have not succeeded. Mr. Niblack, of Indiana, was convinced that his constituents would criticise his action, but he wanted the money pretty badly, and so he drew it. He believes a more radical course than simply restoring the money to the Treasury is needed, and he is willing, therefore, to aid in securing a repeal of the law, so that there may be a general restitution. His constituents are not satisfied with this explanation, doubtless thinking that if Mr. Niblack is in earnest he would give better proof of it by returning the money at once and striving for a repeal of the law afterward. The other Congressman who has explained is Mr. L. D. Campbell, of Ohio, who says he left a sick bed to vote against the bill, and that, although he is badly in need of money, he has not drawn his part of the grab. Moreover, he intends to keep control of it until he has been shown that some other person has a better claim to it than he has, assuring his friends that he shall act finally so as to preserve his honesty and integrity.—*Pittsburgh Gazette.*

TO THE CITIZENS OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Your attention is specially invited to the fact that the National Banks are now prepared to receive subscriptions to the Capital Stock of the Centennial Board of Finance. The funds realized from this source are to be employed in the erection of the buildings for the International Exhibition, and the expenses connected with the same. It is confidently believed that the Keystone State will be represented by the name of every citizen alive to patriotic commemoration of the one hundredth birth-day of the nation. The shares of stock are offered for $10 each, and subscribers will receive a handsomely steel engraved Certificate of Stock, suitable for framing and preservation as a national memorial.

Interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum will be paid on all payments of Centennial Stock from date of payment to January, 1, 1876.

Subscribers who are not near a National Bank can remit a check or postoffice order to the undersigned.

FRED. FRALEY, Treasurer.
904 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

—A terrible accident occurred on Saturday night near Lemont, on the Chicago and Alton Railroad An incoming freight train collided with the south bound express passenger train, almost entirely wrecking the latter, and killing eleven persons outright and fearfully injuring some thirty-one others, many of whom, it is said, will die. The cars took fire and many of the injured were badly burned, while others were scalded by hot water from the locomotives. Although Lemont is only twenty miles south of Chicago, the accident was not known there, except by railroad officials, until Sunday noon, and then only to parties who happened to ascertain that surgeons had been sent for to go to the wrecked train. It is alleged the accident was caused by the inattention of a conductor, who was running out of time. When he saw the result of his carelessness he fled, and has not since been seen. If a few of his kind were severely dealt with it might have a good effect upon the others, and possibly result in fewer accidents.

Horrible Outrages in an Orphan Asylum.

The Dubuque *Herald* of last Tuesday morning publishes a long account of what it characterizes as the most horrible crime that has come to light in northern Iowa in years. It says rumors of it came to hand last week, but they were of so shocking a nature that it declined to publish them, though well authenticated, until it sent a special reporter to the scene, who instituted a personal investigation into the facts. The result it now publishes:

At Andrew, the capital of Jackson county, twenty-five miles south of this city, is a private orphan asylum, established in 1864, for the reception and care of orphans and destitute children not over twelve years of age, to give them a Christian home until they are of age. It has been under the charge of the Lutherans, and its head officer, or warden, was Rev. J. M. Schueller, a German, who came to this country about eighteen years ago. At the legislative session of 1872 Schueller obtained an appropriation of three hundred dollars in aid of his institute. He has always stood high and enjoyed the unlimited confidence of the entire community. About five years ago his wife died, and it seems that not long after that event he commenced a systematic course of seduction of little girls under his charge. The first victim, so far as known, was a little girl twelve or fourteen years of age, who had been driven to the asylum by the unhappy domestic relations of her parents. For a cause not assigned by Schueller she was turned out of the institution and taken to live with some very respectable people in the country, near Andrew, to whom she related her story. The people she lived with expressed indignation, and made considerable talk against Schueller in Andrew. But the citizens generally maintained that a man of his high morality was innocent of such a thing, and no attention was paid to it. Delia is now living with her parents in Des Moines. This was about four years ago.

The *Herald* then mentioned another case with great particularity, similar in character. The horrible and final denouement came about three weeks ago: One of the girls, named Bertha Nellis, fifteen years of age, went to the matron and said she wanted to leave the asylum, but refused to assign any reason. On being closely pressed and threatened with punishment if she did not give her reason, she finally confessed that it was on account of Mr. Schueller's conduct towards the girls. She then related the particulars of how he had seduced several of the little girls, and had made various attempts upon her, but had been so far unsuccessful. The matron promised to inquire into the matter, but the warden was that day absent. On his return the matron called upon him and asked for her pay, as she proposed to leave. On asking her reason she frankly told him what she had heard. He was dumb for a moment, but finally recovering, confessed all, and promised if she would stay to take care of the children he would himself leave. By her advice he went at once to Galena, sought an interview with Rev. Mr. Klintwood, a minister at that place, and President of the asylum directory, and to him confessed all. This gentleman was horrified at the revelations, and demanded that Schueller should at once resign and leave. This he did, and Rev. Mr. Rembold, of Bellevue, one of the directory, took charge of the institution.

Schueller left Andrew at four o'clock on Monday morning a week ago, in company with his daughter, direct for New York, and thence to Europe, and he is probably on the ocean at this time. The victims of Schueller, as far as can be ascertained at present, are six little girls, ranging from eight to fourteen years of age.

Schueller is a man of fine personal appearance, of scarcely medium height, heavy built, and dark complexion, with glossy black hair, flowing beard, rivaling the raven's wing in line, and clean shaven upper lip, a nose rather approaching the aquiline, and sharp, laughing black eyes. He is a man of unusual educational acquirements and great natural ability. What will be the final result is not known, but all regret that Schueller has escaped the clutches of the law.

FEATS OF A SOMNAMBULIST.—The queer freaks of a sleeping man in St. Louis are thus related by the *Times*: "A conductor of street cars, named Leslie, boards at a house nearly opposite the offices of the car company. The house is about sixty feet front, three stories high, and Leslie's room is in the top story. Adjoining the building is one of a lower altitude, the roof of which is about six feet below Leslie's window. East of this are the car stables. Between eleven and twelve o'clock one night Leslie was seen, in his night dress, cutting up all sorts of queer pranks on the roof of his boarding house. He was here throwing a series of flip-flaps, dancing backward and forward, and gesticulating in the strangest possible manner. He then walked down to the eaves of the roof, where he seated himself, with his legs dangling over the street. Jumping up, he marched along the edge of the roof to the western parapet wall, which is only a brick thick, up which he walked to the chimney, which he mounted and passed round it. Coming down from this perilous perch he walked over the roof, stopping by the way to go through the manual of arms, till he reached the eastern parapet, from which he jumped down on the roof of the low building. Here he indulged in a little tight-rope practice, walking along the wire of the fire-alarm telegraph, divesting himself of his shirt while in this queer position and throwing it down on the roof, the crowd meanwhile being in breathless suspense at the danger in which the poor fellow was. He then jumped back on the roof, resumed his shirt, threw a first rate summersault, and climbed up to the roof ridge of the house. These sort of evolutions were continued without any apparent fatigue or thought of danger for some time. He then jumped down on to the stable roof, some four or five feet lower, and marched up and down the front wall of the building, some hundred feet in length, going through the manual exercises the while in the most perfect manner.

He returned by the course he had come, climbing the bare wall at the east end of the middle building without any apparent difficulty, and making a clean leap of several feet through his window into his bedroom. A number of the officers of the car company went into his room immediately, where they found Leslie lying on his bed evidently fast asleep, though with staring, wide open eyes. After some difficulty he was awakened from his stupor, but was unable to give any reason for his strange antics, being evidently unconscous that anything unusual had occurred. His attention was called to his blackened hands and bleeding feet, but he could not give an idea as to how they came in that condition. Altogether it is one of the most extraordinary cases of somnambulism on record, and well worthy the attention of the scientific. His fellow employes say that he has on several former occasions been caught while on similar sleep walking excursions, but never before has he indulged in such a remarkable series of gymnastic feats."

—A son of Mrs. O'Leary, the lady whose cow once upon a time caused so much trouble in Chicago, is now in jail in that city for stealing old iron.

A Wonderful Clock.

THE INGENUITY OF A POOR GERMAN PENNSYLVANIA MINER—A CLOCK THAT IS A MARVEL OF MECHANISM.

A Shamokin, Pa., correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* says: Karl Ketter, a poor German miner of the Excelsior Colliery, which is situated within a few miles of this borough, has exhibited a clock here, during the past week, of a most remarkable character. He had been three years constructing it—the first two years at intervals of time, and the last year he worked at it day and night, scarcely taking time enough to eat and sleep. He became almost a

MONOMANIAC

on the subject. The clock was in his mind during his waking hours and in his dreams at night. He occupied a small wooden shanty where he worked, slept, and cooked his food. Whatever sleeping and cooking he did, however, was but little. It is tho't he would have nearly starved but for the kindly interest which his neighbors took in him and his clock. They took him food and encouraged him in his labors.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MARVEL.

The clock, which was made with no other tools than two common jackknives, is eight feet high and four feet broad. Its frame is of the gothic style of architecture. It has sixteen sides and is surmounted by a globe, on the top of which is attached a small gilded cross. On the front of the clock there are four dial plates; one shows the day of the week, another shows the day of the month, another the minutes and fractions of a minute, and the other the hour of the day. These dials are carved in a most unique manner, having emblematic figures upon them and around them of almost every imaginable description.—Above the dial plates is a semi-circle gallery, extending around about half the width of the frame-work of the clock. Immediately in front, in the center of this semi-circular gallery, is the carved wooden figure of

OUR SAVIOUR.

At the ends of the gallery, on either side, there is a small door, opening into the body of the clock, as you stand facing it, is an eagle. Over the door, on the left hand side, is a chicken cock. Twice a day, that is, at 12.05 in the day and at 12.05 at night, a sweet chime of bells begin to play, the small door on the right hand side opens, and the small wooden figures, admirably carved, of the twelve Apostles, appear and walk out slowly and gravely in procession, Peter in the lead. Advancing along the gallery until they get opposite the figure of Jesus, each in turn, except Judas, slowly turns round and bows his head to the Master, then recovers his former position; as Peter does this the cock crows. They continue to advance to the other side of the gallery and enter the small door on the left. As Judas (who is in the rear), with his right hand shielding his face, and his left hand clasping the bag which is supposed to contain the thirty pieces of silver, comes in full view of the cock, the cock crows again. By a simple arrangement this procession can be made to come out and pass around the gallery at any time desired. On pedestals, at the extreme corners of the front of the clock, are carved wooden statues of

MOSES AND ELIAS.

In the rear are two obelisks of the Egyptian style, upon which are carved hieroglyphic characters to represent the ancient period of the world's history. The clock will run thirty-two hours without winding. Mr. Ketter, who is a native of Freiburg, in Baden, is very proud of his workmanship. He can scarcely bear to be away from it long enough to eat his meals. He has been offered ten thousand dollars for it by a party from New York, but he refused it.

Mr. Ketter says he has often heard of the celebrated clock in Strasburg, Germany, but he never saw it, and has no knowledge of how it was constructed, neither has he ever had instructions in mechanics of any kind.

His purpose is to exhibit it for a few months in this country, and then take it with him to Germany.

The Old Man's Wagon.

A correspondent of the New York *Sun*, writing from Hamburg, Pa., tells the following story:

Here in this quiet little village of Hamburg stands a great, heavy farm wagon, loaded with lumber, under an old dilapidated shed; and this same wagon, with its load, has been standing there sixty-one years this summer.

John Bailey, the man who owns the wagon, is now about ninety-eight years of age, and has lived here nearly all his life. He is a quiet and unassuming person, who bears his years well, and is known all over this section as one of the most eccentric men in the State.

This morning I was shown the great four-wheeled curiosity standing under the shed. My guide was an old and reliable citizen of the place. The shed stands very near the house, and is situated about the centre of the town. Inside of the shed stood the wagon, loaded with pine boards, just as it had been left in 1812. The sight was anything but inviting. Cobwebs and dust hung heavy from the board sides and roof of the old shed, and the despoiling hand of time had wrought ruin upon the entire surroundings. The wheels had warped and the iron tires had fallen down, and as they dropped so they remain now. The heavy spokes of the wheels stick in the ground fully six inches, and it is thought they will rot in a very short time and thus throw the entire mass to the ground.

I turned to the gentleman with me, and asked him the facts concerning such a remarkable curiosity. He replied: I am almost seventy years old, and was about nine years of age when Bailey made his vow. I remember quite well when he was building the old house there (pointing to the present residence of Mr. Bailey), for I carried water to the men.

In those days we had no railroads, and express and mail lines went to large cities by horse and wagon. Most of our building material was bought at Philadelphia and carted to this place by horse and wagon. Bailey was a young man then, but a hard-working, independent, self-willed person. His house was nearly finished, and the last load of lumber had been brought from the sea coast.

Bailey was not married, but was looking with longing eyes to a bright and blushing woman whom he had visited or courted but three times, and had obtained what he thought was sufficient encouragement that all was right. But there was a rival in the case. Another young man's affections drifted to the same spot, and upon several occasions lover No. 2 had been very kindly received and entertained, and there grew up a jealousy. Lover No. 1 commenced building a house. Likewise No. 2. Both proceeded in the work until a load of pine boards for finishing purposes were needed. Lover No. 1 had a wagon, and as the only place the boards were to be had was at Philadelphia, Bailey proceeded thither, got what he wanted and returned. Lover No. 2 being on speaking terms with the parents of the girl, married the object of his love in the absence of lover No. 1, who was mortified beyond measure. He drove his wagon under the shed, as was customary, unharnessed his horses, put them away, and as he left the wagon he declared it should stand as long as time lasts on into eternity.

Bailey married another woman soon after his first trouble, and she died six years ago, aged eighty years. They have several children, who seem determined to carry out the desires of the old man. They declare that when the property passes into their hands the father's will shall be respected; and, as Hamburg never will be much more than it is now, it is quite likely that the old wagon and its load will either outlive time or meet the fate of the "wonderful one-horse shay."

News and Political Items.

—Sunbury boasts a natural curiosity in the shape of a chicken with its wings put on wrong side up.

—Rev. Leonard H. Bushnell, a Methodist preacher at Lanesboro, Pa, was crushed to death the other day, by a tree, which fell across his body while he was asleep in the woods.

—Elijah Newton resides in Claremont county, Ohio, and is 110 years old. It is said that he once refused to exchange forty yards of Kentucky jean for the lot on which the Cincinnati postoffice now stands.

—A happy couple in Iowa, having been twice married and twice divorced, are now doing their courting for the third time; and the parson and the lawyer hope they'll be steady customers for many years to come.

—Peter Kessler, the mule-stealer, who was imprisoned in Jefferson City, Missouri, has been hanged by a mob, and the Sheriff who had him in charge has been mortally and two others very seriously wounded.

—Last week a pig was born on Henry Brendle's farm, near Greencastle, that was double until it reached the neck, where the two bodies formed a junction and terminated with one head. It lived but a short time after seeing the light.

—It transpires, says a Washington dispatch to the St. Louis *Republican*, that the patentee of the new cigar-box which it is proposed to force upon the trade is a brother-in-law of the commissioner of internal revenue, Douglass. Which tends still further to show that ours is not so much a government of law as of brother-in-law.

—The balloon of Professors Wise and Donaldson, in which they are to cross the Atlantic in sixty hours, will be nearly ready for inflation at the close of the present week, and the start will be made between the 1st and 10th of September. We cannot say when or where the landing will be made—perhaps in mid-ocean.

—A few days ago on the farm of Wm. Seidel, in Greenwich township, Berks co., a crow ventured near a stream of water where he was caught and killed by a snapping turtle. The cries of the crow were heard by a number of laborers in the field, who hastened to the spot and observed the unusual occurence.

—A special dispatch from Tioval Spring, Linn county, Kansas, says a horrible murder was perpetrated near that place on Sunday night last. A man named Keller killed his wife, her sister, and two children, piled their bodies up on the floor, covered them with straw, and then set fire to the heap. He was arrested next day and there was strong talk of lynching him.

—Recently, in California, Pike county, Ohio, Reuben C. Rogers and Mrs. Caroline Littlejohn were united in marriage. He is 82 years of age, and his bride 61—their united ages, therefore, are one hundred and forty-three years. He was out in the war of 1812, and draws a pension from the government for his services. The bride is his third wife and he is her fourth husband.

—A horrible murder was commited in Harrisburg last Sunday night, at 12 o'clock, at the corner of Short and South streets. Two negroes, named Jones and Williams, got into an altercation as to who was the better man. Jones drew a bowie-knife and stabbed Williams several times in the stomach. Williams lived but a few minutes. The murderer has been arrested and committed.

—A type of Radical Republicanism. A Senator and a harlot, displayed, in imitation of princely state, with coach and four and liveried lackeys, before the gaze of the world, holding a levee at Long Branch, while crawling creatures in human form endeavor to invest the humiliating spectacle with a halo of respectability. The depravity of Athens' declining days without its genius. Pericles' brain and Aspasia's wit.

—The N. Y. Herald reiterates the statement that the names of sixty-one custom house officials, whose conduct should have been investigated, have been sent to Washington and says there is a disposition to sacrifice lesser officials, to save the magnates. Statements made by men in high position at the Custom House have tended to throw all the blame upon inspectors of wharves. This has been done to save themselves and for nothing else.

—The Treasurer of the United States has made the following ruling, which it will be well for administrators to take notice of: In order that administrators may collect interest in the name of the decedent, they must send, with power of attorney authorizing an attorney to receipt for and receive the interest, a certified copy of the letters of administration. The letter will be filed in the office of the Register of the Treasury, and will answer if any time the administrator should wish to sell or assign the stock.

—A bit of romance, a Vermont paper says, crops out at Shaftsbury, in that State, in the marriage of Nathaniel Olin, an old man of seventy years, to a woman who, years ago, had been the bride of his youth, but from whom he had been divorced. During the long interval Olin has lived in Ohio, and had two other wives, by one of whom he had a large number of children. But the first wife seems to have cherished a tender feeling toward him through all these long years, and remained single and loyal; and on a visit of Olin to his old home last week the two met, the old flame revived, and the happy panacea of marriage was the satisfactory denouement.

—A new witness in the Tichborne case turns up at Springfield, Ill. He was the real Sir Roger's riding teacher and daily companion when Sir Roger, then a young man, was stationed with his regiment at Cahir Barracks, Ireland, and feels sure he can tell whether the claimant is what he pretends to be. His name is John Crowley, and he is a well-known veterinary surgeon of Springfield, and is vouched for as a man of high character and intelligence. Should Mr. Whalley, the English member of Parliament who is now in New York collecting funds and testimony, really want it settled whether or not his client is Sir Roger Tichborne, let him take Mr. Crowley back to London with him.

—An attempt to fire the town of Tidioute, was fortunately discovered on Friday, and the man supposed to have originated the scheme is in custody. A number of boxes filled with straw and saturated with oil and alcohol had been placed under the barber shop of Mr. Wenk, and a considerable quantity of alcohol was scattered about. A careful inquiry revealed that a man had been offered $300 to fire the inflamable material. Suspician was thrown upon Mr. Wenk and he was taken into custody at Warren, where he had gone previous to the discovery of the dangerous articles. After an examination on the charge he was remanded to Warren for trial. Much excitement exists in the town over the discovery of the scheme.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE. The undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of ANDREW WERNER, late of Cambria township, Cambria county, deceased, will offer at Public Sale, on THURSDAY next, the 21st inst., at 10 o'clock, A. M., the following personal property, to wit: 1 Dark Bay or Brown Horse, 5 years old; 1 Yearling Bull, 4 two-year old Cattle, 1 Sow and Pigs; 1 Mowing Machine, in excellent order, 1 Hay-Rake, 2 Harrows, 1 Sled, 1 Horse Hay-Rake, 2 Ploughs, Harrows, Shovels, Forks, Digging-

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

...day, - - - - August 22, 1873.

...re, There, and the Other Place.

—Thirty-three more days on the pour old have produced a second deluge. ...ow escape, wasn't it?

—A bell weighing fifteen hundred pounds to be placed in the tower of St. Mary's ...holic church, at Hollidaysburg.

—A ten-year-older, Benjamin Cooper by ..., fell from a tree on Yoder hill, Yoder ...ship, Saturday last, and was badly ...

—Dawson's school-house, in Gallitzin ...ship, was struck by lightning, set on ...and burned to the ground, one night ...week.

—Among the guests at the Mountain ...e, Cresson, are Hon. J. M. Read, Chief ...ce of the Supreme Court of Pennsylva... and his family.

—Hon. Harry J. McAteer was, on Tues..., nominated by the Democracy of ...ingdon county for Assembly. Harry ...en there before.

—Next Monday the Republican moun... will proceed to labor, and then we ...re what's what, who's who, how's ...and where's where.

—Mr. Isaac Crawford is putting up a ...nce in front and otherwise beautify... his fine property on Centre street. ...odable enterprise.

—Huntingdon was laid out in 1763, and ...es him out ever since. Several of ...ors and leading politicians ought to ...through the same process.

—Ten thousand acres of coal and tim... land at Cresson are offered at private ...by Jno. E. Scanlan, Esq., executor of ... Adams, deceased. See advertise...

—Charles Davis, the lad who was acci... shot and killed in Altoona, on ...last, was born and reared in Cam...township, within a few miles of this ...

—Mr. John Bell, sr., of Bell's Mills, Blair ..., died of cholera morbus on Monday ...g last, aged about 73 years. Mr. ... was well known and much esteemed ...county.

—E. Hatch, brakeman of Philadel...ck, fell through an open culvert to ...k of the C. I. Co. at Cambria sid... Wednesday morning, and fractured ...leg at the thigh.

—Hair-mat which was purloined from ...in this place nearly two years ago, ...and, snugly tied up, on the door... the same house, a morning or two ...ore for the wear. Conscience.

—Lewis Brizzle, a young man claiming ...m Camden, N. J., was caught by ...ing locomotive in the Altoona yard, ...day morning, dragged a consider... distance, and very severely cut and ...

—A young man who gave his name as ...Osborne was arrested at Johnstown ...day on the charge of having stolen ... from Mr. Isaac Simpson, of Som... He showed fight at first, but was ...ted and secured.

—Assurance given us by several of ...anges that the coal miners at ...station have resumed work would ...e unimportant item of news were ...the fact that the miners haven't ...ork to any great extent.

—Festival in aid of the Presbyterian ...Sabbath school will be held in the build... by Judge Lloyd, on Centre st., ...rsday and Wednesday evenings next. ...and ice cream will be furnished ...Silver Cornet Band will be in at... All are cordially invited.

—On Thursday last a miner by the name ...es Burns was killed at the Loyal... Coal and Coke Works, Westmore...county. He was at work in one of ...orms, when a large portion of slate, ...ing detached, fell upon him, injur... so badly that he died inside of an ...time.

—The lads Stewart and Huff, who were ...Michael Gendelsperger, while in the ...ceiving apples from a farm belong... the Cambria Iron Company, have ...n information against him before ... Fisher, of Johnstown, charging ...h aggravated assault and battery... ...ld in $500 on each charge.

—The man who saw the new hand-saw ...tely after M. L. Oatman had ...t to him, is requested to return the ...w which he saw at that particular ...e to the rightful owner thereof, M. ...an aforesaid—failing in which he ...r of something to his great disad... ...ere many more moons have waned.

—J. T. Spence is again comfortably ...ed in every way prepared for the ...of customers, at his old Photograph ...in the rear (up-stairs) of G. G. ...stee, opposite Collins, Johnston ...bank, High street. Mr. Spence ...equals and no superiors as a pho... artist, and never fails to please in ...e, finish and price of his pictures.

—A thieving rascal who panted after ...pants and then panted for an op... ...ty to steal them and a fine shirt ...on a line on Mr. Ed. Mills' prem... ...ch opportunity he found and ...himself of a few evenings ago, is ...to look out for spring guns and ...bottel revolvers the next time he ...ews" a clothes-line in that enclo...

—Fields is still getting up "coun...sentments of the human face di... all sizes and styles, and selling ...pictures and picture frames at ...ely low prices. Now is the time ...ohn, for when the "cold, chilly ...s to sweeping around this way ...to "shut up shop," for his, be ...is exclusively a summer gallery ...tographic persuasion.

—Mr. Fadle, that great regard for accuracy ...arks all the remarks of the Johns...e, that journal assures its read... Mr. Wm. D. McConnell, of this ...is an aspirant for the Republican ...ion for County Treasurer. Of ...refers to Mr. Wm. H. Connell, ...one of our most respected citizens, ...as deserving and just as likely to ...ed as any man on the losing side ...political household.

—Hartman Berg, agent for the ...an Life Insurance Company, of ...phia, yesterday paid to Mrs. Or... Evans, widow of E. D. Evans, late ...re borough, deceased, the sum of ...0, being the amount of insurance ...that gentleman some three years ...the company named. This fact in... very plainly the financial standing ...pt dealings of the long and per... established American Life Com... which we have an abiding faith in ...tent of a $1,000 policy, and which ...mend to the attention of all con...ng an investment of that kind.

—We do this week what we should have ...s, acknowledge the pleasure of a ...m our old friend of typographical ...Mr. Wm. B. Brown, of Altoona, a ...an who, in conjunction with Mr. ...Canan, established a newspaper ...place over forty years ago. Mr. ...is father of Mr. M. L. Brown, of ...ce, agent here for the justly cele... and highly appreciated Singer Sew...chine, for which the old gentleman ...holds a general agency for Altoo... vicinity. Mr. Brown, pere, is still ...d hearty, and the indications are ...days will yet be long in the land. ...it be.

—A barn in Jackson township, Hunt...ingdon county, belonging to John B. Smith & Bros., was struck by lightning and destroyed by fire one day last week, and 500 bushels of wheat, belonging to Homer Oaks, and 20 tons of hay, owned by Thomas Mitchell, were also consumed. The barn was insured in the Clover Creek Insurance Company.

—Prof. John a Light, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, made his one hundred and twenty-ninth balloon ascension, from Altoona, on Saturday last, at 4½ o'clock, and came to earth in a woods near McVeytown, after having traveled sixty-five miles in one hour and twenty-five minutes. The highest altitude he attained was 13,875 feet.

—An ex-Alderman of Altoona with whom many readers of the *Freeman* are "well acquent," has been "sued up to the law" several times, if not oftener, for alleged evasion of the local option enactment, and up to Saturday last his bail bonds had reached $2,800, with a decided probability that the amount will be still further enhanced as the ex-Al. seems determined to fight it out on that line if it should take him as long as he wants to.

—Mr. Geo. C. K. Zahm has just sold to Mr. H. A. Shoemaker two lots of ground on Julian street, opposite the residence of Mr. Wm. A. Jones, and the balance of the tract it is Mr. Z.'s intention to stake off into town lots and dispose of as occasion may demand. One of the lots bought by Mr. Shoemaker is on the corner and the other adjoins it, and it is said to be that gentleman's intention to erect thereon a fine residence for himself without needless delay.

—Mr. Richard Wilkes, co-partner in the hotel business at Parker's Landing with our young townsman, John A. Thompson, returned home on Monday evening last, after a somewhat elongated and very agreeable sojourn in our midst. Mr. W. is a gentleman clear through the alphabet, and all the friends he didn't have in this vicinity before his visit he became possessed of during his stay. Much peace and many pence be his portion in this mundane sphere.

—Patrick Haughey, the alleged perpetrator of a rape recently committed on the person of Miss Mary Doyle, of Cambria City, was arrested about five o'clock on Wednesday morning, at the residence of his brother, in Yoder township, and will doubtless be an inmate of Castle Bonacker, in this place, ere our paper goes to press. Officers Harris, of Johnstown, and Cox, of Cambria City, affected the arrest, and $25 each is the amount they will pocket by the operation.

—The tombstone recently erected in Lloyd cemetery to the memory of the deceased wife of Maj. John Thompson, of this place, is said to be an exquisite work of art, and coming as it did from the master hands of Mr. John W. Logan, of Johnstown, a marble manufacturer who has no superior anywhere, it could not but reflect credit upon its author. Persons wishing to obtain any kind of marble work will find Mr. Logan a competent and honest man to deal with. Don't forget him.

—Harry May, the man charged with the murder of his step-child, and whose wife recently absconded with Chief-of-Police Westbrook, of Altoona, has been found not guilty by the Huntingdon county court. It was proven on the trial that May is a weak-minded person, and subject to epileptic fits, and that on the 3d ultimo, as he was returning to his home on the line of the Broad Top Railroad, carrying the child in his arms, he was visited by a fit and fell upon the child and killed it.

—Henry Wright, an "American citizen of African 'scent," had a "slug" put into him by the aid of a "shooting-iron," in Westmoreland county, one day last week, the man who did the shooting being impressed with a kind of a "sneaking idea" that Henry wasn't doing exactly *Wright* about his corn-field. Henry denies the soft impeachment, however, and as he, in the language of the Greensburg *Democrat* "promises to recover," and of course will not go back on his word, he may ere long make things a little lively for the shootist.

—Mr. Geo. A. Williams, of this place, has made us the recipient of a "clothes-horse" gotten up on an entirely new principle, so far as we have any knowledge of such matters. It is operated somewhat like an umbrella, with the order of things reversed, and is a creditable specimen of Mr. W.'s ingenuity and mechanical skill. Not the least commendable feature of the new-fangled arrangement is that it can be made at about half the cost of the old style "clothes-horses"—and Mr. W. is the man that can make them in a substantial manner.

—The German pic-nic at Summitville was postponed from Tuesday until yesterday, owing to the unpromising aspect of the weather, and as we go to press enjoyment reigns supreme, beyond a doubt, and lager beer and pretzels are being counted out—of existence as rapidly as possible. A goodly number of our citizens, of both sexes, and of various ages and nationalities, are there to "see how it is themselves." May the occasion be replete with pleasant associations, and may clear heads this morning be the rule instead of the exception.

—Mr. Philip Fadle, a worthy citizen of Altoona, and one of the kindest-hearted gentlemen within the circle of our acquaintance, had the great misfortune to inadvertently cause the death by shooting, on Sunday afternoon last, of a bright and promising young lad named Charles Davis, aged about 14 years, son of Mr. John Davis, of that city—a gentleman who has many relatives in this vicinity, and two of whose daughters were here on a visit at the time the sad accident occurred. Mr. Fadle was in the back yard of his residence, engaged in withdrawing several loads from a Spencer rifle, and had succeeded in extracting all but one ball, when the weapon was accidentally discharged, the ball entering the right side of the boy, and passing through his body, came out at his back. Death ensued in a half hour after the terrible occurrence. A coroner's jury exonerated Mr. Fadle from all blame, but this fact does not assuage his great grief over the sad results of his thoughtless act.

CUT WITH A HATCHET.—A serious cutting affair occurred at Summitville, this county, on Thursday of last week, the implement employed being a hatchet, and the party who came out second best in the contest a young man residing, when at home, in Munster township. It seems, if our information can be relied upon, that the injured man had attempted to renew an old quarrel with another young man, living at Summitville; but the party of the second part declined all overtures of that kind, and, in order to escape further trouble with his antagonist, betook himself, as he says, to the woods, hatchet in hand, with the intention of cutting a pole for some feigned or real purpose. His assailant followed him, however, and, becoming more boisterous than ever, knocked him down once or twice, when the assaulted party turned upon his antagonist and dealt him several blows about the head, cutting two or three very ugly gashes, from which it is by no means certain that he will recover. The injured man's wounds were properly dressed, after which he rode home on a horse, and is now, as we have intimated, suffering very severely. We suppress names out of respect for the family of the wounded man, whom we esteem too highly to pain in any manner.

HOW SHE 'WENT FOR' HIM.—In the feminine composition, or at least among many who wear the habiliments of the softer sex, there is, and has been from time immemorial, if tradition and every day experience may be accepted as good authority on that subject, an overweening desire to assume the "unmentionable" prerogatives of the opposite sex—in other words, to "wear the breeches." Or to bring our meaning down to a much finer point, those strong-minded specimens of the genus feminine who "rule the roast" and play "cock of the walk" to the great discomfort of their lords and masters(?), are, we regret to say, by no means extinct in this our day and generation. In song and story they still hold a prominent "posish," and so long as those immortal lines from the inspired pen of a henpecked poet which assures us that

"When a woman will she will, you may depend on't,
And when she won't she won't, and that's the end on't,"

have a place in the memory of persecuted man, so long will there be living and moving exemplifications of the saddening truth contained in the above elegant couplet. All this, however, may be nothing more or less than a "set up job" on "God's first, best gift to man," and we only make use of it for the purpose of introducing a little incident which occurred in this "neck of timber" a day or two ago. As rumor has it, a young married man who resides not more than a thousand miles from this place made up his mind to form one of a trio of adventurous spirits who contemplated a pic-nician, if not a Pickwickian, trip into the country for the good of their healths and finances, and having made up his mind he proceeded to make up his body, for the purpose of disguise, in the Sunday-go-to-meeting coat of his paternal ancestor. Thus far "everything was lovely and the goose (or gander, rather,) occupied an exceedingly elevated position." But ere the young husband's bright dreams of rural felicity had reached the culminating point, his wife got wind of his movements, and just about the time that he and his boon companions had snugly ensconced themselves in the vehicle which had been procured for their conveyance to the scene of festivities, and were about to move out of town, she "moved on the enemy's works" and a scene which can be much better imagined than described thereupon ensued. In the flash language of the day, "she went for him," and it is almost needless to remark that pap's coat suffered somewhat in the controversy. Shortly thereafter a young, confiding, but exceedingly crestfallen husband might have been seen wending his way homeward with a loving spouse flanking him on all sides, as occasion required. And yet he didn't go home—"not just yet awhile"—for watching his opportunity, he incontinently left his better half to pursue her weary way all alone by herself—which she, however, didn't do to any great extent either. Reaching his waiting comrades in a few hundred bounds, more or less, he was ere long once more safely ensconced in the vehicle previously referred to, and at a pell-mell gate, past the toll-gate west, the victorious trio wended their way to the pic-nic, fully five miles from the starting point. This strategic movement, it is fair to presume, was not "down on the bills," so far as the party in pursuit had been consulted in the making out of the programme, but with a vim and determination which speaks well for her *manhood*, she bravely concluded that it would never do to give it up so, and the result of that conclusion was her appearance in the very midst of the pic-nician festivities in less than two hours after the precipitate flight of her liege lord. Here we would gladly drop the curtain and announce the drama at an end, but the truth of history demands the recording of the fact that, at a somewhat later hour in the evening, an exceedingly demoralized young man might have been seen trudging his weary way homeward, followed at the distance of a hundred yards or so by the blighter of his joys and the consoler of his woes, who had not only waiked all the way to the pic-nic grounds free gratis for nothing, but actually succeeded in *persuading* her "worser half" that it would be the healthiest thing he could do to exercise his muscles in like manner on the return trip. Thus it was that one gentleman at least failed to enjoy all the pleasures he had hoped to enjoy, and thus it is that our "o'er true tale" has been brought to an abrupt if not a happy conclusion.

DEATH OF THE OLDEST INHABITANTS. —*A Woman who has seen Three Generations Come and Go.*—"Old Aunt Delia," a colored woman known by everybody in this community, departed this life on Wednesday last at a very advanced age. Like the majority of the people of her race who spent the early years of their lives in slavery, she was unable to give the date of her birth. But from a number of important events in the history of our country which transpired during her life, the minute circumstances of which she called vividly to mind even in her declining years, she must have been considerably over an hundred years of age. Aunt Delia was born in Maryland, and served as a slave. She, with other slaves owned by her mistress, was manumitted, to take effect after a certain period of time. In the meantime the mistress died, and a relative of the deceased sold Delia's "time" to a Mr. Proctor, of Bedford, who owned the property now in possession of Dr. George Anderson. Mr. Proctor resold her "time" to a Mr. McDonald, of Ebensburg. While at Ebensburg she ran away with her child, but was captured at Wisegarver's bridge, and taken back and lodged in jail for a time. Serving out her time with McDonald, she came back to Bedford, where she remained until the time of her decease. All this selling of "time" in this State must have taken place before 1792, as the traffic in slaves was prohibited in that year.

"Old Aunt Delia" was one of the few—or many—who remembered General Washington. She often spoke of Washington's march into Pennsylvania after the insurrectionary "Whisky Boys," and alleged that her husband was a cook in the army on that occasion. Of course the exact age of Aunt Delia cannot be ascertained from any knowledge or papers in the possession of the family. For the past ten years she has claimed to be over a hundred, and some five or six years ago, from various circumstances which she related, her age was fixed at about 104, so that at the time of her death she must have been in the neighborhood of *one hundred and ten years old*, if not more. She will long be remembered for her extreme politeness, childlike simplicity and Christian bearing under all circumstances. All earthly that remained of poor "Old Aunt Delia" was consigned to the grave on Friday last, in the Catholic cemetery, of which Church she was an humble and devout member.—*Bedford Gazette.*

The subject of the foregoing obituary notice, Delia Fortune, that being her name, is well remembered by many of the citizens of this place. The *Gazette* is greatly mistaken in reference to her age. Instead of being 110 years old, she was *only* 83. We arrive at this fact from an inspection of the original paper by which her services were transferred by William Proctor, Jr., of Bedford county, to Owen McDonald, deceased, of this place. This document is in the possession of Mr. McDonald's widow, residing here, by whom we have been permitted to examine the paper. It is dated February 15th, 1819, and was acknowledged on the same day before Christopher Reiley, Esq., a Justice of the Peace of Bedford county. In the body of this "bill of sale," as it is styled, Proctor states Delia's age at about 29. Her birth would therefore date back to about 1790, making her 83 years old at the time of her death. Negroes who live to be 70 get old very rapidly after that in their own estimation, and we doubt not that Delia really believed that she was at least a *centenarian*. It is not probable that she saw General Washington when he came as far as Bedford to look after the "Whisky Insurrection" in the western part of this State. At that time she was not more than *five* or *six* years old, and, judging from the paper before us, must then have been with her parents, who were slaves of Daniel McHenry, of Allegany county, Maryland. Delia had a son (Henry) who was an infant when Mr. McDonald brought her to this place. He lived with Mr. McDonald until he was a full grown man, then removed to Pittsburgh, where he still resides. Henry Fortune, the son referred to, is a man of most excellent character and unimpeachable integrity, and enjoys the confidence and respect of all who know him.

Local Correspondence.

WILMORE, Aug. 18, 1873.

DEAR FREEMAN:—Our mutual young friend, Mr. Thomas J. Hughes, formerly of Cambria township, took unto himself a fair and amiable bride in the person of Miss Eliza Ellis, daughter of Enos Ellis, Esq., of this place, on Thursday evening last. Tom. is as gentlemanly and deserving a young man as you can "trump up" in this or any other locality, and "the partner of his joys and sorrows" is a lady in every way worthy of such a husband. The newly married couple have gone to Massillon, Ohio, on a bridal tour. May peace and plenty be theirs for many years to come.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Mr. John Feeny, sr., died at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. John Schroth, in this place, on Saturday morning last, at the age of 57 years. Mr. F. received the last rites of the Catholic Church, of which he had throughout life been a consistent member. His remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery here, on Sunday. May he rest in peace!

Mr. John Rider, a well known citizen, died at his residence in Summerhill township, on Friday night. Mr. Rider was in the 63d year of his age. His death occurred after a very brief illness. He was a good citizen and had many friends in this neighborhood.

ACCIDENT, CONVALESCENCE, WEATHER, &C.

A thirteen-year-old daughter of Mr. Andrew Gillespie, of Summerhill township, met with a sad accident at Portage on her way home from church, Friday last. It appears she had taken shelter from the rain under a car standing on the siding, when a freight train coming down induced her to leave her retreat and cross over to the other side, from which she was in the act of returning when she was struck by the Mail train east. Her skull was fractured and one of her legs badly bruised; notwithstanding which strong hopes are entertained for her recovery.

Scott Claycomb, of this place, who had his leg taken off by the cars at Summerhill one day last week, is reported doing well. This is the second member of the same family who has been maimed by the cars within the last few years.

The weather for the past week looked as though "the melancholy days had come" indeed, so rainy and dismal was it. A great deal of oats and some hay have lain in the swath for a week or more, and if the weather does not soon change for the better some of them will rot.

The crops in these parts this harvest are about an average yield of wheat, hay and oats. Corn, owing to the rotting of the first planting, will be below the average a great deal; notwithstanding which there are some very good fields to be found, and it is all earing well. Apples and fruits of all kinds will be scarce. The potato crop will give a tolerable yield if the late rains do not induce rot, and the potato bugs, of which there are yet a great number, do not cat all the vines of the late planting.

Whooping-cough is prevailing here just now, and quite a number of juveniles and some few adults are severely afflicted.

The recent rains were especially propitious to P. M. Woleslagle & Son, who took advantage of the rise in the creek north of this place to float some 300 hemlock logs a distance of three miles, to their steam sawmill, immediately above town.

Having nothing more to communicate at present I remain, Yours, SCRIBO.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Aug. 18, 1873.

DEAR FREEMAN—Here I am again—just in time to say that the weather for the past week has been very wet, and as a consequence a great deal of hay and oats have been sadly if not irretrievably demoralized.

The whooping-cough rageth in this vicinity, but as yet very few deaths have resulted.

Politics are in a quiescent state at present writing, but no doubt there will be considerable shaking among the dry bones after the Republican county convention next Monday.

The St. Augustine string band, consisting of Messrs. A. Carle, Ed. Mann, John Wilt, Robert Marlett, P. Donahoe and H. Marlett, visited Janesville, Clearfield county, on the 9th inst., to play for a pic-nic gotten up for the benefit of the Catholic church at that place, now almost completed, and request me to say for them that a more sociable lot of people they never had the pleasure to meet with. The pic-nic managers were Messrs. James Flynn, Ed. Flanders and Anthony Flynn; floor managers, Will. A. Kelly and Wm. Stanley. Everything was gotten up in the best of style and no trouble or expense spared to make all who participated in the festivities perfectly at home. A good platform, refreshments in abundance, and a warm dinner and supper of the best kind, were among the delightful attractions of this most delightful affair. All in all, it was one of the most enjoyable and best conducted pic-nics that myself and "butties" ever attended, and our sincere thanks are due to all connected therewith, as well as to the Flynn brothers, Levi Smith, Wm. Stanley and lady, Mrs. Margate, and Wm. A. Kelly, for the trouble they took for our comfort during our brief stay. I will have more to say about Janesville in the near future. We left that place at 10 o'clock on the 10th for Glen Connell (St. Lawrence), to pic-nic again on the 11th—at which pic-nic the St. Augustine string band was likewise engaged to play. Here too we had the gayest of gay times—a fact to which T. R. Scanlan, Esq., can bear ample testimony. All the concomitants of a first-class pic-nic were there in profusion, including a superb dancing floor, "lots and gobs" of delicious ice cream, lemonade, and —l-a-g-e-r b-e-e-r. Nothing occurred to mar the pleasures of the occasion, and socially and financially the pic-nic was a perfect success.

By the way, our own beloved pastor intends holding a pic-nic at Chest Springs on the 27th and 28th insts., at which a big time may very reasonably be anticipated. No effort or expense will be spared to make it the grandest affair of the kind ever gotten up in Northern Cambria.

More anon. TOM.

AN IMMENSE LAND SALE.—On Saturday, Patrick Flynn, of Gulick township, Clearfield county, sold to Messrs. Thomas McCauley & Co., of Altoona, four thousand acres of land in said township for five hundred and fifty thousand dollars, reserving from the property four hundred acres in four farms, a saw-mill, grist mill, and sixteen houses and lots in Janesville, worth twenty-five thousand dollars. He also has other property, including fifty million feet of pine timber, worth a quarter of a million. One-third of the property sold was bought by Mr. Flynn, R. R. Bridgens, and W. T. Simpson, of Lock Haven, seven years ago, for thirty-six thousand dollars. Twenty months ago Mr. Flynn bought Mr. Bridgens' interest for twenty-five thousand dollars, and to-day paid Mr. Moore fifty thousand for his share. Mr. Flynn nets four hundred and fifty thousand dollars by the transaction. In 1854 he settled in Clearfield county a poor man, and is to-day worth eight hundred thousand dollars. This sale to McCauley & Co. is the largest ever made in Clearfield county. He predicts that they will clear a million on their purchase. The land is heavily covered with pine and underlaid with coal.

Our New York Letter.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 18, 1873.

SATURDAY SUMMER SCENES.

There is no doubt that New York city can, when it choses, be as hot a place as there is in the world, even so hot as to give an aptness to the profane exclamation of the California digger, that it is "like hell with the lid off." For some reason, apparently an inexplicable one, unless the clerk of the weather is in the habit of taking regular bribes from the proprietors of seaside hotels and mountain resorts, Saturday has a peculiar knack in exceeding in the range of the thermometer all its predecessors—the days of the week. Let any one take his stand on one of the many docks from which the steamers start for the distant sea-beach or river-bank on Saturday afternoon, and he will have no difficulty in grasping this fact. The *pater familias* of the period is in his glory; if he be a banker, in snowy white waistcoat and varnished boots, with the halo of millions shining softly around him; if an ordinary business man, in straw hat and brown linen duster. The stately banker walks with a dignified air over the gangway, in spite of the stereotyped cry of the deck-hand, "All ashore; hurry up!"—and, raising his hat to his wife and other lady occupants of his Brewster barouche, he drives off behind his $5,000 team of horses at the speed of ten or twelve miles an hour. Dirty, smoke-dried engineers and stokers issue from her engine stair-cases, looking as though they had come from the bowels of the earth, and ready for their once a week wash, and to marvel at their civilized appearance in the looking-glass as they take their once a week shave on the following Sunday morning. And so Saturday comes to an end on the Hudson river.

ENCROACHMENTS ON FIFTH AVENUE.

The privacy and exclusiveness of Fifth avenue have been sadly encroached on within a few years. Places of business have suddenly come into notice there at points which it was supposed were unpurchaseable for business purposes, and are now seen quite close each other. Perhaps the most important innovation of this character is the large hotel now approaching completion on the block lying between Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh streets, on the east side of the avenue. Work was commenced on this building in June, 1871, and it will be completed early in September. The new hotel will cost, as now estimated, something over $1,000,000. The material principally used in its construction is brick, with brown stone trimmings. The building is seven stories high, and has an entire block of frontage, 200 feet in length.

SOMETHING FOR THE GRANGERS.

The Scythe is the title of a new weekly paper about to be issued by "The Scythe Printing and Publishing Company." The editorial office of the paper has been located in the great Burnett block, on Ann, Fulton and Nassau streets. The object of this paper is to co-operate with the Grange movement throughout the United States, and one of its specialties will be a war to the knife against the railroad monopolists. As it will be entirely devoted to the interests of the patrons of husbandry, and from a knowledge of the men and money behind the enterprise, its success is certain. It will ignore politics entirely, and live up to its motto, viz: "To cut a clean swath through the fields of extortion."

THE NEW TOOMBS.

The City Prison Commission has selected the block bounded by Canal, Elizabeth, Bayard and Mott streets, for the site of the new Bridewell. We suppose the next Legislature will abolish this Commission and direct a new one to pursue the more economical course of retaining the Toombs, adding the arsenal and buying the depot blocks adjoining, and building upon that less costly and more convenient site.

THE WINSTON-ENGLISH LIBEL SUIT.

For variety and complicity of events and interest, the Winston-English emeute promises to become a first-class sensation, not merely because a suit of such magnitude growing out of insurance matters is unprecedented, but because of the number and variety of individuals, corporations and interests which promise to be involved in its amplified complications. If public rumor is to be trusted, the defendant, like the "claimant" to the Tichborne titles and estates, is not to be left to "tread the wine press alone"—his hostility to Mr. Winston appearing to attract sympathy and assistance, which have been persistently denied his alleged merits. It is not at all improbable that in the coming suit he may receive the co-operation and assistance of several insurance magnates, who do not hate him less, but his antagonist more, and be enabled to avail himself of monies that had better be paid out at the next dividend. The original cause promises to disappear in the magnitude of its consequences, and the defendant, like Mrs. O'Leary's cow, to go down to posterity as the occasion of a great misfortune, and to be indebted to accident and bovine perverseness for an undeserved niche in the temple of notoriety. We do not know how far the possession of uncomfortable secrets by a certain party, recently a tenant of Ludlow street jail, enables him to compel the allegiance and assistance of those who are backing him, but it is wholly unlike their reputed shrewdness and wariness to entangle themselves further with a party whose rascality is without parallel, and whom they had, for the good of their following, better pension off than to brave [illegible] as this complicity in this affair is remembered. When this trial comes off we venture to prophesy that Winston will completely clean out the entire crowd of blackmailers and their backers.

AN ILL-FATED FAMILY.

Three years ago, Ephraim Steinhardt, who did the shooting in the Vesey street tragedy, was discarded by his father for persistent profligacy. From that time until two months ago, when he went into Messrs. Steinhardt Bros. & Schoubank's manufactory to learn segar making, he roamed aimlessly from one Western city to another. About six months ago he was in Louisville, where some relatives of the Steinhardt family reside. One day he caused it to be telegraphed from that city that he had been shot and mortally wounded in a saloon fight. The story was priated in the newspapers everywhere, and of course reached his parents here. They were distressed at the supposed disgraceful death of their son, and telegraphed for particulars, and to have the body sent to New York. An erratic element seems to pervade the family. A sister of Benjamin Steinhardt, the father, killed herself in Louisville two years ago, and a little later a daughter poisoned herself to death with Paris green in this city. The latter had fallen in love with a young man whose poverty made him unacceptable as a son-in-law. He forbade the marriage, and broke off the engagement. He then chose a suitor for his daughter after his own liking, and she submitted to her fate, but the union did not prove a happy one, and the daughter ended it with suicide.

SWINDLES ON UNCLE SAM'S BOYS.

A sailor on board the United States steamship Tuscarora tells of a piece of sharp practice on the part of the paymaster of that vessel, whereby the officers were given an advantage over the men, which was extremely displeasing to the sensibilities of poor Jack. The law requires that all the money paid out at sea or in a foreign port shall be in gold, as greenbacks are not much sought after in foreign countries. A few hours before the Tuscarora arrived at the port of San Francisco from the Isthmus, all the officers were served with glittering gold coin; but the common sailors could get no pay until they reached port, where they received a few dollars in greasy greenbacks, which are at a discount in California.

A SQUARE SENTENCE.

Recorder Hackett has sentenced a "roperin" of a "skin game" gambling house to two years in the State prison and a fine of $1,000, which, of course, he will have to work out, which will make his term about five or six years in all. Now if Recorder Hackett will see that this is not an isolated case, but sentence every like criminal who is brought before him and proved guilty to a like term, he will deserve the thanks of the community and break up a most disreputable business. B.

A Valuable Work on the West.

"THE UNDEVELOPED WEST; OR, FIVE YEARS IN THE TERRITORIES." Being a Complete History of that vast region between the Mississippi and the Pacific—its Resources, Climate, Inhabitants, Natural Curiosities, &c., with Life and Adventure on Prairies, Mountains, and the Pacific Coast. By J. H. BEADLE, Western Correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, and author of "Life in Utah," &c. Published by the National Publishing Company, of Philadelphia.

The most attractive, as well as the most remarkable portion of our country, is that which lies west of the Mississippi. It is attractive to the emigrant because it is to that region that he looks for a home; to the student of nature, because of the stupendous marvels of creation in which it abounds; to the capitalist, because of its wonderful capacity for producing wealth. It is a land of grandeur, beauty and romance.

Mr. Beadle spent five years in the Great West, for the especial purpose of exploring the country. Starting out on foot, he traversed the States of Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas and Texas, as well as Dakotah and the Indian Territory; visiting in person all that was worth seeing; examining the lands, living and conversing with the people, and gaining for himself a fund of information, based upon his own observations and discoveries, more extensive than one man in a million can obtain.

He explored the various routes of the great Pacific railways, and spent months with the Indians, both friendly and hostile, studying their character and habits. He allowed no personal peril to deter him from the execution of his plan. Thousands of lonely miles were traversed by him, and he endured fatigue, hunger and many dangers, that he might make known the true character of the land and people in which and among whom his wanderings were made.

The book is full of information and facts of the greatest importance, such as could be obtained only by going after them as this indefatigable explorer did.

It is comprised in one large octavo volume of 823 pages, and illustrated with 240 fine engravings of the scenery, lands, mines, people, and curiosities of the Great West, and a new map of the region described.

The book is sold by subscription only, and the publishers want agents in every county.

LADY CAKE.—Take three-quarters of a cup of butter, beaten to a cream; add two cups of white sugar, one cup of sweet milk, four eggs, beaten stiff, and three cups of flour, with one measure Banner Baking Powder; first mixing the Powder with the flour, and passing both through a sieve.

Each can of the Banner Baking Powder contains a small measure, to be used even full, according to printed directions. If you cannot obtain this very valuable article from your grocery, send twenty-five cents by mail, addressed to Banner Baking Powder, P. O. Lock Box 317, Pittsburgh, Pa., and you will receive, postage paid, a quarter pound package, together with a list of fifty valuable Recipes.

DON'T GIVE IT UP!—'Tis folly to fret or get into a pet about the trials or cares that come on unawares; 'twould be better by far to take things as they are, and always seek to beguile with a laugh or a smile all of life's troublesome topics, or else take a run down to famous Johnstown, and while there pop into Coppock's cheap dry goods and fancy goods emporium, under the Opera House, 112 Main street, Johnstown, where a lovely stock for ladies' wear and household use can always be found in great profusion and at prices no other dealer can compete with.

Oh! where are you going, my amiable friend?—oh! where are you going? said one to another. I am going a new suit of clothes to buy from S. J. Hess & Brother. Oh! where do they keep, my amiable friend?—oh! where do they keep? said he. They keep at 141 Main street, and their store you shall quickly see. Then I will go with you, my amiable friend—then I will go with you, said he. So they both went together and with suits for mild weather they were soon fitted to a T, T, T. Go thou and do likewise, dear reader.

THE apple which Eve presented to Adam is said to have caused Adam to make such a wry face that the whole garden became distorted in appearance, but that alleged fact does not prevent E. J. Mills from selling the cheapest and choicest flour, feed and groceries ever brought to Ebensburg. His flour is just fresh from the *Mills*, which is a great advantage. Call on him for provisions.

TRADE WINDS.—Tell me, ye winged winds that round my pathway roar—tell, oh! tell me where, oh! where I'll find the cheapest store? The winds replied and this they said, I never yet in all my trade have had the luck to suit my mind more fully in goods of every kind than Myers & Lloyd's cheap store complete, whose stock and prices none can beat.

For Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion Depression of Spirits, and General Debility, in their various forms, PERUVIAN SYRUP, or ELIXER OF CALISAYA, made by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York, and sold by *all* druggists, is the best tonic. As a stimulant tonic for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal. If taken during the season, it prevents fever and ague and other intermittent fevers. [5-16-4t.]

HYMENEAL.

HECK-LITENBERGER.—Married, Aug. 7th, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. R. A. Fink, Mr. Gotlieb F. Heck and Miss Mary C. Litenberger, all of Johnstown.

We like to notice favorably every body that gets married, but we wrote this notice from choice, without fear, favor, or affection, and without the hope of reward or the fear of punishment, either in this world or the world to come. Mr. Fleck has got an angel of a wife, and Mary has won a good man and husband, and they both have our good wishes, our esteem and our prayers for their present and future welfare. May their bark glide smoothly down life's stream till it launches in an ocean of perfect bliss, where they will become angels indeed. Mary is one now. M.

BURGOON—HINES.—Married, at the Catholic church, Summitville, on Monday morning last, by Rev. John Hackett, Mr. Luke Burgoon and Miss Catherine M. Hines, all of that place.

OBITUARY.

OWENS.—Died, in this place, on Tuesday last, Mrs. Rachel Owens, wife of Richard Owens, aged about 64 years.

STRAY BULL.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, in Chest township, June 25th, a two-year-old BLACK BULL, with a white spot on his face, one between his horns, another on each side of his head, and still another on each of his knees; is white from the breast backward, and has a red stripe on his back. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take him away; otherwise he will be disposed of according to law. JOHN AIRHART.

Chest township, Aug. 22, 1873-3t

VALUABLE

Coal and Timber PROPERTY

AT PRIVATE SALE!

SITUATE AT CRESSON STATION, PA. R. R.,

—CONTAINING—

2,000 Acres,

more or less, underlaid with the

Best Quality of MOUNTAIN COAL

A portion of the Land well timbered with

HEMLOCK, OAK, CHESTNUT, &c.

☞ The attention of persons wishing to engage in the mining of Coal and manufacture of Coke is particularly invited to this sale, as the Lands offered surpass, either for speculation or safe investment, any property to be found in Western Pennsylvania.

All information given by addressing

JNO. E. SCANLAN,

Executor of M. M. ADAMS, dec'd.

Ebensburg, Aug. 22, 1873.-tf.

GEO M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, third door from High street. [aug.27.]

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES

—TO—

CASH BUYERS

—AT THE—

Ebensburg House-Furnishing STORE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES TO CASH BUYERS on all goods in his line, consisting of

MOWING and REAPING MACHINES

AND OTHER FARMING IMPLEMENTS;

COOKING, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES

of the most popular designs and of all styles, prices and qualities;

TINWARE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

AN EARNEST WOMAN.

AN INCIDENT OF THE SECOND CONFEDERATE INVASION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

An ex-Confederate soldier is writing a series of interesting reminescences of the late great struggle for the New Orleans *Herald*. The following possesses sufficient interest to Pennsylvanians to justify its transfer to our columns. The battle of Chancellorsville had been fought and won. Joe Hooker, with the "finest army on the planet" had been brushed out of Lee's path and the entire army of Northern Virginia, flushed with victory, was moving by forced marches through the beautiful valley of Virginia for a second dash into Maryland and Pennsylvania.

About sundown one evening, I think it was the first of July, 1863, our batallion, the Washington Artillery, marched down through Chambersburg and went into camp a few miles on the other side, in a fine grove of trees. Just before we encamped I noticed a very fancy edifice near the roadside, the garden and grounds of which bespoke the inmates persons of wealth and refinement, and I determined to try and see them in order to form a correct estimate of the feeling of the northern people in regard to the war.

Brushing up my faded and soiled artillery uniform, I sallied out, as soon as I could leave camp, and approaching the low gate discovered a lady leaning thereon, watching intently the troops as they marched past. I was considerably elated by seeing her respond politely to the courteous salutations of the officers, and advancing with a boldness that surprises me now, I doffed my cap and said, "Madam, may I trouble you for a glass of water?" The pleasant and thoroughly lady-like manner in which she said, "Certainly, sir, walk in," made me feel just a little mean about the strategem I was using, but reflecting that in war, as in love, all things are fair, and the lady herself being decidedly fair, I concluded to put a bold face on the matter, and found myself drawn into quite a spirited conversation as we were advancing towards the house, up an avenue of magnificent cedars.

She laughingly apologized for not inviting me into her parlor, saying that, apprehending the destruction of the house she had piled up the furniture in the center of the various rooms preparatory to a general conflagration. "What," said I, "did you suppose we were going to be savage enough to burn you out of your house and home?" "Oh," she replied, "we heard all sorts of horrible things about you rebels, and when we knew you were coming, we supposed of course we should be ruined, and determined to have the melancholy pleasure of burning our own house and the beautiful barn that you see over there. Oh! it would almost have *killed me* to burn our beautiful barn, of which we are all so proud, but I would have done it, with my own hands too, rather than have seen it destroyed by the enemy; but pray be seated, sir, I have been quite remiss in keeping you waiting so long for a glass of water."

I seated myself in a pretty rustic chair on the rose-embowered porch, and the lady soon returned with a delicately-chased goblet filled to the brim with crystal ice-water. Surely the old gods themselves never quaffed more delicious nectar than that glass contained, and I tried to say as much, and to express my profound appreciation of her kindness in waiting on a private soldier. "No thanks at all," said she; "I waited on you because I saw you *were a private*; had you been an officer I should have ordered my servant to bring the water." This was said with so much candor and so sweetly, that I could only bow my thanks.

Taking a seat, she quite charmed me by her easy, graceful manner, and chatted so pleasantly about the army and the situation that I soon felt quite at home. "Do you know," she said, "I have never been more surprised in my life than by your troops. I fancied your army was composed of rude, uneducated, ragged, half-starved men, and it has been a matter of profound wonder to me that our magnificent armies have never been able to march straight on to Richmond. But I have been watching your troops pass for two days now, and I am compelled to admit that all my preconceived ideas in regard to the rebel army are incorrect. A more orderly, gentlemanly and perfectly decorous set of men I have never seen; and they are under such excellent discipline, too! Why, when our own troops marched by here once, they were very boisterous and unruly, stole everything they could lay their hands on, and kept us in a constant state of alarm. The contrast is very striking, and by no means complimentary to the men or the discipline of our army."

I explained the difference of the deportment of the two armies, by saying that almost every gentleman of the South, capable of bearing arms, was in our army, while *the gentlemen of the north* very generally employed substitutes.

"Yes," she replied, "that has been too much the case, but your entry into Pennsylvania will rouse the entire country to a pitch of indignation and enthusiasm which will eventuate in the capture or utter rout of Lee's entire army."

I laughed a little at this, and intimated that perhaps some of us might be so fortunate as to escape across the Potomac. She answered by inquiring what we really expected to gain by invading Pennsylvania, when I said, with an affectatition of entire seriousness, "Why, we are on our way to Washington, and have only stopped at Chambersburg for a day or two to get the army well in hand to make a proper entry." An expression of sadness overspread the lady's countenance, and after musing a moment, she said:

"Do you know, sir, as you came up this evening I was standing at the gate looking at the noble-looking men passing in the various regiments, and thinking how inexpressibly sad it was that they are inevitably marching to their death; that few, if any of them, would ever return to their homes in the South. Have you any idea, sir, of the army you must meet before you go much further?"

"Yes," I said, "we expected to meet Hooker's army, but that we had met that so often before, and so recently at Chancellorsville, that we did not stand much in fear of it."

"How terribly you will be disappointed," she replied, and then, with increasing earnestness, continued:

"Not only Hooker's army, but the thousands of recruits who are even now hastening to his support. I tell you, sir, the north is just becoming fairly aroused, and every man north of the Potomac will rush to the rescue. We are dreadfully in earnest in this war, and if necessary the women themselves will fight. You see this house, sir? It is my home, and I love it; that barn, it is my special pride; well, sir, I would sell them all, give the money to the government and then go to the wash-tub, and scrub my fingers to the bone before the South should succeed in this iniquitous rebellion. We will never give up this fight, sir, until the South surrenders, or is driven into the Gulf of Mexico."

Was this lady with flashing eyes, flushed face and quivering lips, the same quiet personage of a moment before? Her enthusiasm and intense earnestness had quite transformed her, and I realized then, for the first time, that the Northern people really believed in the justice of their cause—were in earnest, and hence the war must be a protracted one.

Then, after I had expressed my gratification at meeting a lady who fearlessly expressed her true sentiments, and assured her that the raw recruits who were hastening to their army would only be in their own way, and no sort of impediment to us, we launched out into a discussion of the merits of the controversy, I advocating the right of the South to withdraw from the Union, and she advancing arguments against any such "destructive and revolutionary theory."

Agreeing finally to disagree on this subject, she said suddenly, as an expression of sorrow again settled upon her features: "I was praising your troops just now, and said they had disturbed nothing about the premises; I forgot, one of your soldiers did the most heartless thing this morning I ever heard of. I can not conceive of any one being so utterly devoid of feeling."

I immediately imagined something dreadful, and tremblingly inquired what had happened? She pointed towards the garden, and said, "I have an aquarium out there, and my fish are very particular pets; I know them all by name and they know me. Whenever I go out to feed them they come to the surface and frisk about in the sunlight like so many playful kittens. Well, sir, some soldier must have climbed over the fence and stabbed with a stick or bayonet my most beautiful fish, for I found him dead. Wasn't it horrible?"

It was impossible to suppress a smile at this, and, lest she might think me rude, I explained that, having marched over a section of Virginia that had been devastated by the Federal forces, and knowing of innumerable instances of ferocious cruelty towards Southern women and children, she must pardon me if the story of her unfortunate fish struck me as being supremely ludicrous.

"Oh," she said, "I have read of these things, but have never credited the accounts. How can men so far forget themselves as to act like such barbarians? But let me show you my aquarium."

We walked out into the beautiful and carefully tended garden, and passing beneath a graceful vine-covered arbor or summer-house, came upon the most extensive and exquisite aquarium I had ever seen. The water was as clear as crystal, and there were all sorts of artificial coverts for the pretty gold and other rare fish that flashed and gamboled about as if their lives were one long ecstacy. At one end of this aquarium, the very picture of a soldier, stood at rest a fine looking young Confederate infantryman, with his bright Minnie musket by his side. Looking at the lady inquiringly, she said in a whisper, "Oh, when I saw my poor dead fish I wrote a note detailing the circumstances to Gen. Lee, whose headquarters are near, and he sent me that soldier to stand guard over my fish."

This was too absurd, and I laughed heartily as we turned away.

She said it was very kind of Gen. Lee, and went far to convince her that all she had heard of his noble qualities was true.

When about to take my departure, my hostess said: "Let me make a prediction: you are satisfied your army will be victorious; well, before the fourth of this month Vicksburg will be taken and Lee's army will be defeated. In your retreat, I fear your soldiers may be reckless and revengeful, and that they will set fire to our house. All I ask, is to be permitted to burn our own house and barn."

I thanked her for her courtesy, smiled at her prediction, and promised, if near at the critical moment, to see that she was permitted to enjoy the mournful pleasure she craved so earnestly.

Her prediction was wonderfully verified. Vicksburg fell on the 4th, and we were in full retreat from Gettysburg on the 4th. I made it convenient not to pass by that house.

N. B.—The lady was Mrs. McClure, wife of the wealthy and distinguished Congressman, and if I am not mistaken, Gen. Imboden, subsequently, in one of his raids, destroyed her entire property. She must have gloried in her misfortune, for a plucklier, more earnest, or more patriotic woman did not breath north of the Potomac.

THE LAW OF COINCIDENCES.—Two melancholy cases of coincidence in the occurrence of events are reported in the Western papers, which are sufficiently curious to deserve recording. The first is that of the death on July 29, at Hillsdale, Mich., of Rev. Charles S. Adams, of the Presbyterian church at that place, and his wife within nine hours' time of each other. The former was aged seventy-six years, and the latter seventy-four. Both died of chills, with which both were attacked about the same time. The coincidence in this instance is made the more noticable from the fact that, as is said, two years ago, an older brother of Mr. Adams, who was of the same age as the latter was at the time of his death, died, and that his wife too *died nine hours after him*. The Rev. Mr. Adams on that occasion prayed that he and his wife should thus depart together at the same time—a prayer which has most strangely been answered.

The other coincidence is reported from Hillsboro, Ohio—it will be observed that the nomenclature of localties even is almost the same—and conveys an account of the death of a young man named Moses Patton, not far from that town. While riding to visit his intended bride he was struck by lightning, which instantly killed him and his horse. The coincidence in this case is found in the fact, as reported, that two years ago, a brother of the young man was thrown from his horse and killed, while on his way to visit the same young lady, to whom he was also engaged to be married.

EBENSBURG
WOOLEN FACTORY!

HAVING introduced new machinery into our Woolen Factory, we are now prepared to manufacture on short notice, CLOTHS, CASSINETS, BLANKETS, FLANNELS of all styles STOCKING YARNS, &c., &c.

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked on shares. Market price paid for wool.
T. M. JONES & SONS.
Ebensburg, Feb. 21, 1872.-tf.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & CO.,
BANKERS,
Ebensburg, Pa.

WILL receive money on deposit, discount and collect notes, and attend to all the business usually done by Bankers.
Sept 20-tf. GEO. C. K. ZAHM, Cashier.

LLOYD & CO., BANKERS,
EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made at all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

WM M. LLOYD & CO.,
BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA.

Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Monies received on deposit, payable on demand without interest, or on time with interest at fair rates.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [10-14,tf.]

F. A. SHOEMAKER.....WM. H. SECHLER.
SHOEMAKER & SECHLER
Attorneys-at-Law,
[9-16.] EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO. PA. [tf.]

WILLIAM KITTELL, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonnade Row, Centre street. [1-20.-tf.]

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.
WASHINGTON STREET,
Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
MILLINERY GOODS,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS,
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE.
PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,
Together with all manner of Western Produce, such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, CARBON OIL, &c., &c.
☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms
WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

G. C. K. ZAHM,
—DEALER IN—
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS, GROCERIES,
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,
AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES GENERALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.
WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE
TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.
Store on South Side of Main Street,
Ebensburg, Pa.

EBENSBURG
BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Cirate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.

Cigars and Tobaccos,

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY.
July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

Andrew Moses,
DRAPER & TAILOR,
CLINTON STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Murray & Dunn,
PROPRIETORS OF
PHŒNIX FOUNDRY AND STOVE WORKS
HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

HAVING purchased the establishment lately known as Enterprise Foundry, we are now prepared to manufacture
LIGHT CASTINGS
of every description.
The Various Styles of Stoves
manufactured at our establishment are in all respects equal to any in the market.
Steam Engines and all kind of Machiner,
promptly and satisfactorily repaired.
☞ All our work is warranted to be exactly what it is represented. [Aug. 30.-tf.]

LOOK SHARP AT THIS!
136. THE ONLY CATHOLIC 136.
BOOK & PERIODICAL STORE
IN CAMBRIA COUNTY.

M. F. MEAGHER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in STANDARD CATHOLIC WORKS of all kind, PRAYER BOOKS, BIBLES, HISTORICAL and CONTROVERSIAL WORKS, PERIODICALS, PICTURES, FRAMES, &c., &c., 523 Franklin Street, Johnstown, Pa. Will send every article at Baltimore or Philadelphia prices. *A liberal discount allowed to the Rev. Clergy, Libraries, or those buying in large lots.* Books bound and Pictures framed at the lowest possible prices. All the Eastern Weekly Papers for sale.
136. Franklin Street, Johnstown. 136.

THE BIGGEST SHIP AFLOAT!

PERSONS going to Europe, or those sending for their friends to the *Old Country* ought to buy their tickets from M. F. MEAGHER, Agent for the celebrated **National Line of Steamers** to and from Europe. This Line is remarkable for comfort, speed and safety. Drafts for $1 and upwards sold at the lowest current rates. For further particulars call at MEAGHER'S BOOK STORE, 136 Franklin street, Johnstown, Pa. [June 22, 1872.-tf.]

CRAWFORD HOUSE,
EBENSBURG, PA.
John Fitzharris, - Proprietor.

HAVING leased and refurnished the above well known and popular hotel, the proprietor is now amply prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage. The best that the market affords will be served at the Table at all seasons, the Bar will be kept constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and the commodious Stable will be under the charge of a careful and attentive hostler. No effort will be spared to render guests comfortable and well pleased in every particular, and by proper attention to business and a moderate scale of prices the proprietor hopes to win his way to publ e favor. (May 2, 1873.-tf.]

GALLITZIN HOTEL,
GALLITZIN STATION, PA. R. R.

Having just purchased, refitted and refurnished this well known and commodious Hotel, the subscriber is fully prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage, and especially invites the attention of his friends in Cambria and Blair counties to this fact. Neither expense or pains will be spared to make all feel at home who sojourn with me. TERMS MODERATE.
M. FITZHARRIS, Proprietor.
Gallitzin, April 4, 1873.-tf.

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up-stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS!

FRANK W. HAY
Manufacturer,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
—OF—
TIN, COPPER,
—AND—
Sheet-Iron WARES,
AND DEALER IN
HEATING PARLOR and COOKING
STOVES,
Sheet Metals,
—AND—
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.
Jobbing in
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.

Cooking Stoves,
Heating Stoves.
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.
The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of
Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves
of the most approved designs.
☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.
All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.
VALLIE LUTRINGER.
Ebensburg, Oct, 13, 1870.-tf.

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM.
WM. P. PATTON,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
—ALL KINDS OF—
CABINET FURNITURE
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bureaus,	Cane Chairs,
Bedsteads,	Wood Seat Chairs,
Washstands,	Kitchen Furniture,
Sideboards,	Bed Lounges,
Chamber Sets,	Mattresses,
Parlor Sets,	Tete-a-Tetes,
Wardrobes,	Extension Tables,
Book Cases,	Dining Tables,
Lounges,	Cupboards.

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE
made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and hairmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Johnstown Station free of extra charge. WM. P. PATTON.
Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS.
JOHN D. THOMAS,
Boot and Shoe Maker

THE undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calf-skin boots to the coarsest brogans, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.
Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.
☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.
Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.
JOHN D. THOMAS.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY!
SAMPLE STREET,
Near Union School House, Ebensburg,

THE subscriber desires to call the attention of the citizens of Cambria and adjoining counties to the fact that he has now in successful operation in Ebensburg a Shop for the manufacture and repair of
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SULKIES,
Spring Wagons, Sleighs,
And all other description of Work in that line.
Employing none but skillful workmen and using only the best materials, I feel confident I can give entire satisfaction in work, styles and prices.
Platform work done at short notice. Repairing of all kind attended to at reasonable rates.
A Blacksmith Shop in connection with Manufactory. Call and see specimens of work.
June 22, 1872.-tf. D. M. CHUTE.

STILL UP AND AT IT!
CABINET MAKING AND UNDERTAKING.

Thankful for past liberal favors, the subscriber desires to inform the people of Ebensburg and vicinity that he is still carrying on the business above named in all its branches, on High street, nearly opposite the Public School House. Substantially made Furniture of all kind sold at lowest figures. Coffins of any desirable size or finish furnished on short notice, and funerals attended to promptly and satisfactorily.
ROBERT EVANS.
Ebensburg, March 21, 1873.-6m.

F. P. TIERNEY.....JAMES NULL,
LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE
—OF—
TIERNEY & NULL,
Colonnade Row, Ebensburg, Pa.
☞ Special attention paid to collections in all parts of the United States. [2-18-71.-tf.]

Has been before the American public OVER THIRTY years. It has never yet failed to give perfect satisfaction, and has justly been styled the panacea for all external Wounds, Cuts, Burns, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, &c., &c., for Man and Beast. No family should be a single day without this Liniment. The money refunded unless the Liniment is as represented. Be sure and get the genuine MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. Sold by all Druggists and Country Stores, at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per Bottle. Notice

THE
NEW DISCOVERY
In Chemical and Medical Science.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Incipient Consumption.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Catarrh.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Asthma.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Heart Disease.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Skin Diseases.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Regulate the Liver.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Regulate the Stomach and Bowels
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure all Female Weaknesses.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Purify the Blood.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Diseases of the Throat.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Bronchitis.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure "Rose Cold," or "Hay Fever"
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Lung Diseases.
Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Constipation.
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THE SECRET DRAWER.—The *News* says: "A gentleman residing on South Side, and for many years a resident of Milwaukee, is in daily expectation of the arrival of an aunt, on a short visit, the history of whose latter years as compared with anything in fiction. She was born and raised in New England, and has lived there most of her lifetime, being now past sixty years of age. She married in early life one Capt. Knight, a seafaring man, and bore him two sons and daughters, several of whom are now married, and comfortably settled. About sixteen years ago her husband sailed on a final voyage to Cuba, and no word from him, his vessel, or crew, has ever been received since. The ship undoubtedly foundered and carried down all on board. Mrs. Knight struggled on a few years, with her children, who remained at home, until the time of her misfortune, and, in short, exhausted the last remnant of property left by her husband, and finally broke down in health under the accumulated cares of years, misfortune and poverty. Her youngest son, just married, furnished her a home for a short time, and then refused to shelter her any longer. Her other children, each in turn declined to burden themselves with 'mother's support,' or to contribute toward procuring her a home. She then came on the town as a pauper, and was knocked off to the lowest bidder for support, and was for several years a poor, old, broken-hearted creature, more than half stockings and attending children. Previous to being so destitute, she sold off her furniture piece at a time, to keep the wolf from the door, and, among other articles, sold her husband's old secretary to a townsman and acquaintance. He used it a few days, then knocked it to pieces as readily as in doing this, he found in a secret drawer a paid-up insurance on Captain Knight's life for ten thousand dollars in the Ætna Insurance Co., of Hartford, Ct. Being an honest man and knowing Mrs. Knight's condition and destitution, he hunted up her to Hartford, and she actually received the payment of the entire sum. The officers of the company informed her that her husband paid one hundred dollars in advanced premiums just before he sailed, and that they had long been waiting the presentation of the policy for payment. Her graceless children were not to be found in hearing of 'mother's' good fortune, though they have been viewing with envy her condition since in kind attentions to the old lady, and pressing her to come and live with them, and make their houses her home. Mrs. Knight has sense enough, however, to see through the professions for what they are worth, and has resolved to maintain her independence to the end of her days. The money left Mrs. Knight's nephew is known to be in the hands of the Eighth ward, and is at the service of any one who doubts this statement."

A TOUGH SNAKE STORY.—A correspondent of the *Desperate Battle Between a Man and a Moccasin.*—A most exciting battle took place a few miles from Sumter, S. C., a short time since, between a well-to-do farmer and a huge snake described by the gentleman as a genuine moccasin, perhaps of the largest species. The gentleman, who is well known in that section, and for whose accuracy and truthfulness we can safely vouch, was returning to his home in town with wife and child in a large carriage drawn by two spirited horses, when the latter suddenly stopped in evident affright at the sight of a huge monster snake lying across the road a short distance in front of them. Getting out to his wife, the gentleman left her in charge, and, selecting a piece of fence rail, approached and struck the snake a blow, which unfortunately broke and left me fiddle less. The snake immediately attacked him and ran him fiercely, until he reached the carriage, which was about to be overtaken, the gentleman made for his buggy, which he barely reached in time, the snake springing up with great force against the wheel as he jumped alongside his wife. In a moment the gentleman had his buggy whip in hand, and with the butt end of it had a terrible fight with the monster, which struck at its determined efforts to effect an entrance into the buggy. The horses became uneasy, and the wife dreadfully excited, the lines in her hands were somewhat relaxed, and the team made a spurt and at once carried the party a hundred yards from the scene of conflict. Looking back and finding that his enemy had been left behind, and showed no disposition to renew the fight, the gentleman again left his buggy, and with a stout and reliable club, returned and renewed the fight. As he advanced when within a few feet, the snake darted at him with distended jaws, when he directed blow laid him on the ground, and he was soon dispatched. The snake was five inches in diameter and nearly ten feet long, and although the dog dared not have considered as infusing more than ordinary venom and malignity into the snake, yet this furnishes one of the very few certainly the most remarkable instances in this section of a snake attacking a man, engaging in a persistent and combative with a man, and showing no signs of fear, but acting on the offensive throughout fighting to the death.—*Correspondence N. Y. World.*

SHAM, AND SHOW, AND GLITTER.—Sham, and show, and glitter, and noise, instead of real worth and quiet, are the curses of this country, and over the country, in town or city, in every village there are symptoms of the same disease. Everywhere the lever of a most puerile, mean ambition is the effort to cope with the rich, or to rise in the ranks just above us in the income scale, and if we cannot cope, to imitate.

If the great man of the village in the State or New York and envies his friend his Brussels rugs, which he cannot buy, he covers the floor of his parlor with a cheap Turkey carpet, and the poorer neighbors throw aside their rag carpets which their mothers and grandmothers wove, and cover their floors with painted canvas, which is a fluffy, shiny rag carpet of the year, and has carried away all the bright colors, their self-respect and their money. Look at the crowds of fashionables filling the street cars at seven in the morning, and, for one that is neatly and tastefully dressed, as a lady would be at home, nine out of ten you will find a dozen frayed and faded dresses, while the head, which shows at the window or counter, is heaped high with a mass of false braids, and heavy earrings of brass with pearls or glass rubies dangle in the ears. Every class of American society is demoralized by the fictitious splendor of glass rubies, tinsel and glitter, and noise, instead of real worth and quiet.

A LAYMAN'S GRACE.—A young lady of our acquaintance tells a good joke on herself, which is illustrated by a little three year old member of the family." She is the only child, and has twined itself around the affections of himself and wife. One of the evenings since in kind attentions to the old lady, and pressing her to come and live with them, and make their houses her home. Mrs. Knight has sense enough, however, to see through the professions for what they are worth, and has resolved to maintain her independence to the end of her days. The money left Mrs. Knight's nephew is known to be in the hands of the Eighth ward, and is at the service of any one who doubts this statement."

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